

JEAN CABOT *in the* BRITISH ISLES

GERTRUDE
FISHER
SCOTT





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JEAN CABOT IN THE
BRITISH ISLES



THEIR ACQUAINTANCE OF THE MORNING MADE THEM FEEL AT HOME
AT ONCE.—*Page 109.*

JEAN CABOT IN THE BRITISH ISLES

BY
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ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR O. SCOTT



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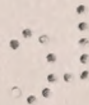
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JEAN CABOT IN THE BRITISH ISLES



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Jean Cabot in the British Isles

CHAPTER I

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT YALE

“**Y**ES, thank you, Mr. Harding, I should enjoy sitting out this dance with you on the piazza. I must confess that for the first time in my life I’m tired of dancing. This has been a terribly strenuous life here all the week, and I’m afraid that by Wednesday brother will have to order an ambulance to carry me to the station. Never mind, I’ll have plenty of time to lie in my steamer chair and get rested, and probably long for a little excitement.”

“You’re a mighty lucky girl indeed, Miss Cabot, to be spending the summer in Europe. Tom told me you were going ‘over’ but he

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didn't give me any of the particulars. 'Where do you sail?' 'On what boat are you going?' 'Where are you going?' And all the rest of those jolly questions one is supposed to ask politely of every possible globe-trotter. Perhaps you're already dead tired of telling people your plans, so if you feel more like sitting quietly and watching the moon and listening to me, I'll let you off this time, and I'll sing Tom's praises to the sky or tell you how some of us fellows intend to make our fortunes out in Life's Big Arena, in capital letters, as the newspaper men and the class-day orators are so fond of saying. You know, everybody calls me 'the human talking machine,' and Tom probably had an object in putting my name down on your order for about the middle of the dance; he knew you'd be ready to be amused out on the piazza by that time, after dancing several hours in those hot, stuffy rooms. I'm a regular dub at dancing, anyway, so it's lucky for you that you were tired."

"I don't believe a word you're saying, Mr. Harding; every man I've met in New Haven

dances divinely. There, didn't I say that nicely? I ought to be able to say flattering things, for it's about all I've heard since I came. When it comes to flattery, I think college men take the prize. Of course I'd love to hear you talk, but first I'm going to answer your questions, and then I'll give you the rest of the time.

"My roommate at Ashton, Elizabeth Fairfax, Miss Hooper, the nicest 'faculty' you ever saw, just like one of the girls, and myself are starting Thursday, June 27th, at noon on the *Adriatic*, White Star Line, from New York. We're going to spend the summer in the British Isles and tour old England, Ireland, and Scotland to our hearts' content. Miss Hooper has made all our plans and we're going by ourselves rather than join any old Cook's party, for she's been over several times and knows all about traveling, so we can go where and when we want to and won't have to be jerked here and there, wherever and whenever a guide says so."

"That's where you're wise, Miss Cabot, particularly if you aren't going out of an Eng-

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lish-speaking country. I shouldn't want to wander through Turkey or Russia or Egypt without knowing the language and having a guide, too, but I'd trust a woman, particularly an American, anywhere, even in the wilds of darkest Africa; she'd get along somehow as long as she had a tongue.

"But to be serious, you're going on the *Adriatic*? What luck! I know one of your fellow passengers then. Father was telling me only this afternoon that the firm are sending over 'Rib' Atherton, one of their expert engineers, to study in France, and he's going Thursday on the *Adriatic*. I know him well; he's an old Yale man, our society, too. I rather expected him on for commencement; he generally makes it a point to come, but probably he couldn't spare the time. He's a regular hustler at work these days, 'though they say he loafed through two-thirds of his course at Sheffield. I'm going to tell him about you people and give him a letter of introduction, and, believe me, he'll make life worth the living on the good old *Adriatic*."

"Fine! I was afraid we wouldn't know a

soul on the boat, and have a stupid time by ourselves. If there's one thing in the world I'm beginning to enjoy, it's people. I never knew very many until I came East so now I'm making up for lost time. Your friend has rather a peculiar name. Is 'Rib' his own name or a nickname?"

"No, his real name is Richard, but early in his freshman year he broke one of his ribs playing football and he made so much talk about it that the fellows dubbed him 'Ribby.' Gradually they reduced it to 'Rib,' and now no one but his family ever calls him anything else. I forgot to tell you that he is married and lives near us in Providence and has two of the cutest youngsters you ever saw.

"Wish I were representing the firm, too, this summer, so I could make the trip with you, but if I'm anywhere near New York the day you sail perhaps you won't mind if I go down to see you off. Anyway, I'm going to write 'Rib' to-night and tell him to be on the lookout for the best-looking girl he ever saw, excluding his wife, of course."

"Well, I never!" said Tom Cabot, as he

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slowly came round the corner of the long piazza, "I've been looking everywhere for you, Jean, in the last fifteen minutes. But I might have known you would be here if 'Bill' Harding had the dance. I suppose he's been filling your ears with some of his wonderful tales that no one but himself ever heard of. Don't believe a word he tells you, Sis, for he's the biggest liar in college. I don't know but that you were wise to sit the dance out, for all the girls say he's the worst dancer in the 'frat.' "

"There, Miss Cabot, what did I tell you? There's once when I told the truth and nothing but the truth. Now, in the future will you believe what I have to say?"

"Of course I will, Mr. Harding. I always believe every one until I have reason to disbelieve him.

"Is this your dance, Tom? You haven't danced with me at all yet."

"No, but I wanted to ask you if you cared to stay and dance all night. The seniors and juniors have a custom of inviting their guests to remain after the others go, and dancing till

sunrise and then have what they call a sunrise breakfast. Two of the chaperones have consented to stay, and I know it will be good fun. Still, if you're awfully tired, as you have a perfect right to be after such a strenuous week, I'll take you down to the hotel and come back alone for the finish."

"Well, I guess not, Tom Cabot. I'll stay with you till the last moment. I'll never have another brother graduate from Yale, and I'm going to make the most of this opportunity. I'm not a bit tired; I was before I had this good long rest, but now I'm as fresh as a lark for the next dance. They're playing the Bac-carole Valse and I wouldn't miss it for anything. I wonder who my partner is."

"I guess it's 'Tip' Warner, for he's looking anxiously around for some one out here," said Tom laughingly. "Hi, Tip, here she is, over in this dark corner. Bill Harding's up to his usual stunt, and is trying to persuade her to sit out all the rest of her dances with him so he can jolly the life out of her. But she's too sensible to waste perfectly good music like that listening to his tommyrot. She just

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said she hoped her next partner would come quickly for she wanted to get back in the dance again. Bring her over to me in the alcove after the encore, for I want her to meet Jimmy Reed's party."

Tip Warner and his fair partner were soon out in the whirl of merry dancers. Jean danced as though it were the first dance of the evening and the first evening of the commencement festivities instead of the end of it all. She had been to a perfect round of dances and teas and receptions and at them all had been the center of attention because of her striking beauty and apparently unconscious charm. As the younger sister of Tom Cabot, easily one of the most popular men of his class, it was natural that his friends should do their utmost to give her a royal good time and make her first visit to old Yale a memorable one. All their attention and devotion had not turned her head in the least, and the next morning when Tom left her at the hotel he said, "I'm proud of you, little sister, you've sure made a hit at Yale, and it isn't every freshman that can do that."

"Oh, but it wasn't I, Tom, it was you. Everybody was good to me because I'm Tom Cabot's sister and they all love you. There isn't one fellow who hasn't told me something fine about you and what you've done for your class and college. I tell you, I've been pretty proud of you all this week, and I wish father and the boys could see with their own eyes how much you amount to here."

"Hold on, Jean, they were only jollying you; that's a regular Yale trick. I firmly maintain that it's your own sweet self that has taken us all by storm. You always were something of a peach, but your one year at Ashton has put on the finishing touches, and I for one am mighty glad you've decided to go there three more years.

"Now, I want you to get right into bed and sleep till lunch-time, and then after lunch go back to bed and sleep some more, for we shall not start for New London till late in the afternoon and I want you to get all the rest you possibly can. If you think you've had excitement so far, you'll find it was simply nothing in comparison to the race, for it's the

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best thing in the world to see our good old Yale crew come steaming ahead up the river. For we've just got to win this year, everything points that way; Harvard hasn't been so weak for years.

"Have your trunk ready to express to New York to-day, for we'll send it ahead of us and take the last train up from New London to New York to-morrow night."

"All right, Tom. I suppose I'll have to go to sleep, but it doesn't seem as though I could. I'm so excited I don't believe my eyes will stay shut five minutes. Tell me, what shall I wear to-morrow?"

"Oh, anything good-looking. Take an evening dress along, for there's the concert to-night, and we're invited to a dinner Fred Balantine is giving afterwards. Take your rain-coat, too; for you never can tell five minutes ahead what kind of weather we'll have in New London. We generally get a shower before the day is over, no matter how bright it may have been in the morning. Now, positively not another word until lunch-time, for you must get some beauty sleep."

Late that afternoon Tom and Jean with multitudes of others boarded the train for New London. There was scarcely a look of fatigue discernible among the sea of faces, and perfect confidence in the victory on the morrow filled all with a spirit of good-fellowship and camaraderie. Throats that many a time during the week had grown hoarse from cheering and singing rang out again in lusty cheers and rahs for old Eli. It was so all the evening and the next day; nothing could tire or quench that indomitable Yale spirit. Although the heavens were heavy and occasional showers sprinkled the earth all the morning it could not dampen the enthusiasm of the supporters of the Blue and the Crimson. Thousands of people from the four corners of the United States came pouring into town, and in their oilskins and rubber coats splashed around in the festively arrayed town as though in defiance of the unkind elements. Jean fairly reveled in the adventure, and thanked Tom every few moments that he had reminded her to bring her rain-coat. She was altogether too good a sport to let a little thing

like weather interfere with her plans for a good time.

By noon the prospect was brighter, and at three o'clock the sun shone as if trying to make amends for all the worry and uneasiness it had caused in the morning. Few realized that the freshman and four-oared races were over and had been victories for Harvard, for the observation trains were so slow in starting that none of the enthusiasts depending upon them could follow the crews.

But by five o'clock the observation trains on both sides of the river were filled to overflowing, a bleachers' grandstand at the finish accommodated several hundred, and the course was lined at the start and finish with every conceivable kind of yacht and pleasure craft, and the vantage points along the river itself were thronged with eager people. Tom had been so fortunate as to get two seats near the Yale cheering section on one of the trains, and he and Jean soon found themselves among friends.

Every one was on the *qui vive* for the signal to be given for the crews to start, and after

what seemed an interminable delay the pistol sounded and the rival eights shot down the river. Harvard got away first and for a while seemed to have the advantage, but at the two-mile flag Yale was gaining a little and hope rose in the heart of every supporter of the Blue. At the three-mile flag Yale had gained until she led by about two lengths. Her lead increased still faster in the next half-mile, and when the crews swept toward the finish there was no longer any doubt in regard to the outcome of the struggle. Yale swept over the line four lengths ahead without a man exhausted.

From both sides of the river came deafening cheers and shouts for Yale, for the joy of the Sons of Eli knew no bounds. They had lost to Harvard in football and baseball and this was their last chance to distinguish themselves until another year when the glorious victories and disheartening defeats of the past year would have been forgotten in the achievements of the next. Thus runs the college world along.

It was a very tired but happy throng of

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Yale people that left New London that night, all going their separate ways, but freshened by that invigorating something of college life which puts new courage and enthusiasm into a man's heart and soul and fills him with the determination to go back home and achieve big things. "College spirit" helps more than may be understood by those who have not felt it.

Jean and Tom were to spend the night, or what there was left of it, at their aunt's home in New York, and three days later were to meet Miss Hooper and Elizabeth at Grand Central Station. Late as it was, Mrs. Fielding was waiting for them, and insisted upon an account of the doings of the week. By the time Jean was half-way through the first day at New Haven, Tom was fast asleep in his chair and Aunt Sarah suggested that they awaken him and finish the story the next day. As they staggered up the stairs to their rooms Tom mumbled, "Aunt Sarah, please don't try to wake me in the morning. Let me sleep as long as I want to, even if it's two whole days. I never was so nearly dead for want of sleep. Jean's boat doesn't sail until

noon on Thursday, and I don't care what happens until then."

"All right, you poor boy," answered Aunt Sarah, assuringly, "you may do exactly as you please for the next three days. I'll have your meals carried up to your room and left outside the door, and you can eat and sleep just when you want to."

"Thanks awfully, Aunt, you're a brick! Oh, pardon me, I mean a dear."

Aunt Sarah insisted upon going up into Jean's room with her and helping her unpack. When everything was in order and Jean snugly tucked in bed her aunt bent over her to kiss her good-night and said, "Have you enjoyed it all, girlie?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt, it has been like one long beautiful dream; almost too good to be true. I'm 'most afraid to go to sleep for fear I'll wake up in the morning and find out after all that it was only a dream. I wouldn't go to sleep at all, only I can't seem to keep my eyes open. I know now just how Tom feels, so please don't call me early either. Good night and happy dreams."

CHAPTER II

GETTING STARTED

IN spite of their predictions to the contrary, Jean and Tom did not sleep away much of the three days at their disposal in New York, for it really takes but a little while for healthy young manhood and womanhood to recover from what seems at the time a hopeless exhaustion of all physical and mental resources. Their aunt was insistent that, as it was only Jean's second visit to the great metropolis, she should see and do some of the things that were left over from the Christmas visit. Of course Tom felt like an "old timer" there, having spent most of his vacations either at his aunt's or at the homes of college friends in or about the city, but he was always glad of another opportunity for fresh adventures, which, as he said, were entirely unlike those one had in any other part of U. S. A. And so one thing followed an-

other until it was Wednesday afternoon, and they were to meet Elizabeth and Miss Hooper at Grand Central Station.

When Mrs. Fielding suggested that they take her automobile to the station Jean protested. "No, Aunt, thank you ever so much, but I want Tom to hire a 'taxi' to bring us back here. I remember once last winter hearing Elizabeth say that she had never ridden in a taxi and never expected to, so I want to surprise her. I can just see her big eyes opening wider and wider with astonishment when she sees one after another of the wonders of this city, but she won't say anything. That isn't her way; she'll just look and look and take everything in, and perhaps five years from now she'll surprise us by citing some incident that entirely escaped everybody else. You'll find her very quiet at first, but I know it won't take you long to discover her real worth.

"I'm sorry you can't go to the station with us, but I suppose if you didn't attend that stupid old meeting the suffragettes would all think you had deserted their great and glorious cause."

“To tell you the truth, dear, I should prefer going with you to attending the meeting, but so many of the members are out of town at this season of the year that I feel it is my duty to go. What time does their train arrive?”

“It’s due at 5.42, but if it’s not in on time and they have to attend to their luggage we may be a little late for dinner.”

“Well, suppose we call dinner at half after seven to-night, and then we shall all be on time. If you should not find me here when you arrive you can show Miss Hooper and Elizabeth to their rooms and make them feel perfectly at home. One never can tell about delays in the city.”

“Perhaps that would be better, Aunt,” said Jean, “and Tom and I are ready to start whenever you are. We’ll ride up town with you in the machine, for Tom has promised to take me up to the Italian Garden in the New Astor for afternoon tea.”

“Very well, dear; get into your things at once. The machine is at the door this minute waiting for us,” and in an incredibly short

time the three had arrived at their destinations.

Although the tea was just right and the music alluring, Jean was a little impatient all the time they were at the hotel and made Tom take out his watch every few moments to tell her what time it was. Finally, at half-past four, she could curb her impatience no longer, and insisted that he go out at once and order the taxi to take them to the station.

“But, Jean,” Tom protested, “why not stay here and enjoy ourselves? We don’t need to start for over an hour; it won’t take us five minutes to get there. The train isn’t due until nearly six, and there’s nothing to do in that great barn of a station all that time. You wouldn’t be there five minutes before you’d be wishing yourself back here.”

“Yes, I know, Tom; but suppose that we should be delayed and when they arrived we were nowhere to be seen. What would they do then?”

“Well, hasn’t Miss Hooper been to New York any number of times before, and hasn’t she a tongue in her head, and hasn’t she Aunt

Sarah's address? Why, it's the easiest thing in the world to get around in New York if you once get onto the system. Now won't you calm yourself and let me finish this tea?"

"Yes, if you'll promise to start at five o'clock, for I shan't enjoy it a minute longer here."

By compromising, they finally left the hotel a little before half-past five, and were at the station before Jean could believe her eyes. "Every time I go anywhere I get more mixed up than ever," she said. "I thought it was miles down here."

"Well, perhaps next time you'll believe me, Sis," Tom said as he helped her to alight on the sidewalk. "We can go first and find out if the train is reported on time and what track she'll come in on, and lose ourselves once or twice in the surging throng of commuters, and by that time there ought to be something doing in our line on the 5.42."

"No, sir; all I've got to say, Tom, is that once having found out the track on which the 5.42 comes in I'm going to stand by the gates until I see Elizabeth right in front of me.

You can wander anywhere you want to over the whole station, but please leave me to do as I wish. In case we lose each other I'll take them right out to the taxi and wait till you put in an appearance, provided, of course, it isn't so late that we lose all chance of having any dinner at all."

"Don't worry, I'll be there all right when the train pulls in. I wouldn't miss meeting Elizabeth and Miss Hooper for anything in the world." And true to his words Tom was back again just as the passengers began to alight from the long express train.

"I don't see a sign of them anywhere," said Jean, "but then you can't see anything from here anyway. I don't understand why the guards won't let people go inside the gates. What difference does it make? Keep your eyes open for them, Tom. Miss Hooper'll probably wear brown, she always does, and Beth'll have a black hat with blue on it. Oh, I think I see them, 'way down there! I'd almost be tempted to try to run by the old guard, only he looks so cross."

"You'd better not, Jean; it won't do any

good. They have to keep people out, or there'd be such confusion nobody could ever get anywhere. I believe you're right; that does look like Elizabeth. If that's they, what a stack of luggage they've got. I see where we get busy and do the expressman act."

"Yes, it's they; they're waving to us. Oh, I wish they'd hurry; it seems as though they'd never get here!" But soon they were outside the gates, and the two girls were in each other's arms asking a dozen questions at once.

"Have you attended to your trunks, Miss Hooper?" asked Tom, and then added, to the girls, "Perhaps we'd better move on; we're blocking up the way and some of the other people might like to get out of the station to-night. Let's go into the waiting-room until we're ready to start up town."

"Thank you, Mr. Cabot," said Miss Hooper, "we had our trunks transferred from the train directly to the boat by the Armstrong man, and he has promised that they will be taken over to-night or very early to-morrow morning. Although the boat doesn't start until noon, I think we should go over to

it as soon after breakfast as possible. I should like to have gone to-day but it was impossible for me to leave Ashton before; there are always so many things to be attended to at the close of the year. Another time, I should plan a little later start. I am going to leave you young people here for a few moments while I send a telegram back to Dean Thurston about an important matter I overlooked this morning. And can you show me where the telephone booths are? I must talk just a moment with my sister in Passaic."

"Certainly, Miss Hooper, I'll take you there directly and come back for you after I have taken these girls and the bags to the taxi. They won't mind being left alone for a while so they can have some of their 'heart-to-hearts' about all that's happened in the long time they have been separated."

For about half an hour the girls were left to themselves and their animated conversation centered on two subjects, the week at Yale and the sights in New York. As Miss Hooper and Tom put in an appearance, Jean said, "Why, I haven't even begun. Beth,

there's no use talking, you've got to come up into my room to-night and sleep with me, then I can finish telling you all about everything. Aunt Sarah intended to put you in one of the guest rooms next to Miss Hooper, but I shall tell her we've made other plans." Then she whispered, "Doesn't Miss Hooper look stunning to-day? She and Tom seem great friends already, and are talking as though they'd always known each other. But isn't my brother just the best ever? You ought to hear the fine things everybody said about him at Yale, I —"

But just then Tom helped Miss Hooper into the taxi, and the conversation became general as the four were hurried to the house of Mrs. Fielding, who was waiting to greet them most cordially. Dinner was announced promptly at half after seven, and it was long after eight before the guests left the table, for they lingered over their coffee to discuss the plans for the summer.

When Mrs. Fielding proposed a ride through the Park in her automobile, Miss Hooper insisted that she and her charges re-

tire early, as they must start in good season in the morning, so the five talked for an hour or so in the delightful old drawing-room, filled with the associations and memories of the early seventies and eighties when New York was not the hustling, bustling metropolis it is to-day, and at the stroke of ten Miss Hooper rose to leave the room. As the good-nights were being said, Jean whispered, "Auntie, don't tell Miss Hooper, please, but Betty and I are going to sleep together up in my room so I can finish telling her about senior week. No, we won't talk too long, I promise you. We'll mind Miss Hooper after to-night but our trip doesn't really begin until to-morrow, and to-night you're our chaperone." Smiling, Aunt Sarah nodded her assent and they all went to their rooms promising to be down for an early breakfast at seven-thirty.

Breakfast was over by eight o'clock, and Miss Hooper took a cab directly for the boat and the others followed about an hour later in Mrs. Fielding's big touring-car. Jean and

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Elizabeth were radiant with anticipation, and excitement had heightened the color of their faces so that perhaps no one but Mrs. Fielding would have suspected that they had talked until long after midnight. But she said nothing about it, and inwardly consoled herself with the thought that they would have plenty of time on the boat to make up lost sleep. All the way over Jean was wondering who would come to see them off, how many letters she would find—she was sure her father and some of the girls would write, for they had promised her faithfully that they would,—and what would be her sensations as the boat actually left the wharf. Strange to say, she was inclined to be a little quiet, for some of her thoughts refused to be shared with the others. Just as she was about to ask Tom if he expected any of the Yale boys would come down to the boat, the automobile stopped, and in answer to Mrs. Fielding's question as to what had happened, Rudolph, the chauffeur, replied, "I don't know, ma'am, something seems to be wrong with the clutch, but I think it will be all right in a minute."

"O dear," sighed Jean, "isn't that the worst luck! Why didn't we go with Miss Hooper in the cab! I never saw anything like autos and taxis; there's always something happening when you don't want it to. Won't you ask Rudolph what's the matter and how long it will take to fix it?"

"Why," said Tom, "I'm surprised to hear you talk so about autos. Not long ago I heard you say that you thought they were the best things ever invented and you wanted father to buy you one the minute you got back to California. 'Don't ever speak to the chauffeur when he's in trouble,' if there's one rule in automobiling, it's that. He'll do the best he can as quickly as possible, so just sit back and enjoy the scenery. Charming vista this, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

But it wasn't all right in a minute, as Rudolph had predicted, and after working for more than fifteen minutes he said mournfully, "Well, I give up, Mrs. Fielding, I can't do anything with it. I'll just go over to that store and 'phone to the garage."

"All right, Rudolph," replied Mrs. Field-

ing, "but we can't wait for the machine to be fixed. This is West Street, and it's only a short walk to Pier 62. You can stay with the car and if it is fixed in time you may come for me a little after twelve o'clock. I shall wait until the boat sails, even if it doesn't start on time, and then Mr. Cabot and I will return home."

As Miss Hooper had taken most of the luggage with her, the girls had only their coats and cameras to carry, so they easily walked the distance which remained to the pier. As they approached the long pier they found confusion everywhere, people hurrying in both directions, great express wagons piled high with trunks and cases and boxes and every conceivable means for conveying luggage, hurrying messenger boys with telegrams or florists' boxes, often larger than themselves, cabs and taxis, sometimes with a single occupant but more often filled to their seating capacity, policemen trying to maintain order and harmony, pedestrians of every sort and condition, men, women and children, laden with boxes, wraps, luggage, cameras, mag-

azines, books, dogs, umbrellas, fruit and flowers, all exposed to the blistering June sun, stewards and deck-hands in the ship's uniform, darting here and there on last errands, each a part of that vast crowd which follows in the wake of an outgoing steamer.

As they drew up to the huge boat lying alongside of the pier, Tom put down the bags he was carrying, and taking off his hat said joyously, "There she is, girls; now let's give three rousing cheers for the good old *Adriatic*."

"Oh, is that it?" said Jean with a disappointed tone. "Why I thought it would be ever so much larger."

"Larger?" said Elizabeth. "Why, it nearly takes my breath away, it's so large. Oh, there's Miss Hooper now, waving to us from the upper deck. How in the world are we ever going to get up there to her? Who is that with her? Why, isn't it Crissy Newcomb and Bess? Did you know they were coming to see us off?"

"Yes, they said if they were in New York they'd surely come down. Oh, let's hurry, I

want to see our stateroom and go over the whole boat."

But before they reached the gangplank they were stopped by Tip Warner and several others of the Yale boys. "We thought you weren't coming, Tom," said Tip; "we've been all over the boat twice and had about decided we'd made a mistake in the day of the sailing. Bill Harding couldn't come over at the last moment, and sent this box to your sister. May we go back with you now? We want to see Miss Cabot's room and decorate it a little with these flowers." Introductions followed and the merry laughing party hurried up the gangplank and were soon on deck where Miss Hooper awaited them.

"Everything is all right and the trunks in our stateroom so perhaps we had better go directly there," she said. "We're on the upper forward deck, stateroom 98. I'll lead the way, for one is apt to get lost the first time he tries to find his way alone on a liner. It looks as though some of us had many kind friends, judging from the appearance of our room, and I haven't been into the dining-room

at all yet. You know, the stewards put all the mail and packages which arrive late into the main dining-room, and passengers can claim them at their leisure after the boat starts. We haven't time for such things now, for some of my friends are here and will want to spend all the time they can talking with us."

By this time they had reached stateroom 98, and when Jean and Elizabeth looked in and saw the three berths nearly covered with packages and huge boxes Elizabeth exclaimed, "Why, where did all these come from, and what are they?"

"I guess our friends can answer those questions much better than I can, but it looks as though everybody we know has sent something to cheer us up at the thought of leaving them. Now, hadn't you both better put your wraps and bags down, if indeed you can find a place? Then we'll go out and meet our friends."

"The first thing I want to do, Miss Hooper, is to go over the ship, then I'll be perfectly willing to do anything else you suggest. Why can't you and Aunt Sarah, who have been over these boats so many times and know

everything about them, do duty for us and tell everybody we'll be back very soon? Tom and the boys can make the tour of inspection with us."

"Yes, Jean, I think it would be a very good idea for you to go over the ship but don't spend too much time now, for you will have a whole week to do that, and I want you all to meet my sister and her family and some of my friends who I expect will come over."

"All right, Miss Hooper; we'll be back as soon as possible and meet you here again in about ten minutes," and they started off through the great crowd which had already taken possession of the ship. Tom and his charges hurried through the spacious lounge, the reading-room, the ladies' room, and even peeped into the smoking-room, which Tom said was no place for ladies, then on until they reached the great dining-saloon, where they found a long table stacked high with mail and boxes.

"No," said Tom firmly, "don't even look to see if there's anything for you. Of course there is, but leave it until this afternoon when

you won't have anything else to do. I want to show you the salt water swimming pools; they're the greatest things I ever heard of. I envy you your daily dips in them. I can see where Jean spends most of her time mornings. Look out for her, Elizabeth, for she loses her head in the water unless some one watches her closely."

"Don't you believe him, Beth, just because he ducked me the other day down at Deal Beach and made me choke and get scared for a minute or two, he thinks I'm a poor, helpless thing in the water. But I'll show you to-morrow morning what I can do. You ought to know by this time just how much you can safely believe of what Tom says. Now let's go out on the promenade deck and then I'll be ready to go back and meet people. Isn't this boat like a little world in itself? There isn't a thing one could possibly want, that isn't here.

"Oh, see that officer in white trousers and blue coat with the brass buttons on it, leaning up against the rail! I believe he's the captain. Doesn't he look jolly? I know I'm going to

like him. Who sits at the Captain's Table? Do you suppose we'll be anywhere near him?"

"That isn't the captain, Jean. He's too ordinary-looking, probably it's the ship doctor or one of the petty officers. The captain is probably in his stateroom receiving callers. He's always very popular, and holds a regular reception before the boat starts. He isn't on duty until after the ship leaves the harbor, for one of the harbor captains always guides the ship out of the harbor and then the pilot boat brings him back again to the pier. By the way, if you have any last messages for us poor 'land-lubbers,' you can send them back by the pilot, for you won't have another chance until you reach Liverpool, unless you send us a wireless. Why don't you send one to Dad? It would please him immensely."

"I surely will, Tom; and now please take us to the wireless apparatus. I didn't know there was one on this ship."

"Oh, all the big liners have them now, for they couldn't afford to be without them. There's really nothing to see now, for the operators aren't here, but later if you get on

the right side of them, they'll tell you all about it. Hadn't we better go up with the others now? It's getting late and they'll be warning us to get off before very long. They always begin to clear the decks in good season, for some people seem to hate most awfully to go."

When they reached Miss Hooper they found her quite surrounded by people. Her married sister from Passaic had brought her husband and three charming children, and then there were some cousins of about her own age and several middle-aged, distinguished-looking gentlemen. Her arms were heavily laden with flowers, and she looked very happy as she introduced everybody to everybody else.

"Did you see Crissy Newcomb and the other girls, Jean? They were here a long time but they got tired of waiting for you and started out to find you. There are about a dozen of the college girls. They brought me these lovely roses and a big basket of fruit, which I have had carried to the stateroom. Here they come back again, and they're bringing some more of the girls. Doesn't it

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seem quite like Ashton transported to the *Adriatic?*”

In a moment the college girls were chattering like magpies, but after the excitement of the moment died down Crissy Newcomb said, “My, girls, but you’ve got some celebrities going over with you! We looked at the passenger list downstairs when we first came on to find out the number of your state-room and we almost fainted at the names we saw. Why there are two counts — think of being for a whole week on the same boat with two real live counts — then there are a lot of actors and actresses and millionaires! I wonder if we can see any of them, I’m just dippy over celebrities, and I’d give anything to see them.”

“Oh,” replied Miss Hooper, smiling, “probably they have gone directly to their state-rooms. They get so tired of being looked at during the winter that oftentimes they stay in their rooms during the entire passage. One is more apt to see them at the ship concerts than anywhere else, for sometimes they can be prevailed upon to take part.”

"Why, I should think they'd want people to see them," said Crissy; "I should. When we came on board there was the cutest little lady just ahead of us, and everybody was bowing and scraping before her so I knew she was somebody great, but she was so completely swathed in veils that I couldn't see her face at all. Oh, girls, we've forgotten to give Jean and Elizabeth their flowers. Aren't we the big sillies?"

From a great box they took out some American Beauties and filled the arms of both girls. "They're from Gamma Chi, you know, to remind you of us all while you're away. The rest of the girls wished they could be here, too, but most of them are miles away by this time. What does this steward want? He's looking at us as if something were the matter."

When he came within hearing distance they found he was calling, "Miss Cabot," and when she answered him he told her that some one wished to speak to her at the telephone in the office on the pier. When she came back she was blushing so that Tom suspected who had

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called her up and he called out, " Bill Harding, wasn't it? Sorry he couldn't come I suppose. Too bad, sister, tell us all about it."

But just then the warning gong sounded for the second time, and the little company assembled round " 98 " began to disperse. It was hard actually to come to the point of saying good-bye until September. Tom was the last to leave, and it was a rather serious youth that kissed Jean farewell as he whispered, " I'll stand on the pier and wave my handkerchief until you're out of sight, then you go down and read your letters and look at your flowers. No, please write me just a line first to send back by the Pilot. Good-bye, Jean," and he hurried away before he had time to look at Jean's sober little face.

At last the boat was emptied of all its visitors and only the passengers filled the great decks. These all stood where they could see their friends on shore and wave them the last good-byes. Jean and Elizabeth had hurried up to the upper promenade deck and edged their way close to the rail. It took some time for the boat to get away from her moorings,

and all that time those on deck tried in vain to make those on shore understand last messages. Finally she started and moved slowly, very slowly, away, and then turning, started down North River.

As long as there was a person in sight, Jean waved and waved, and when finally all traces of those on the pier had disappeared, she arose and standing perfectly still stood for a long time staring back at what she had left behind her. It seemed to Elizabeth as though she would never speak, but at last she turned and said, "It's true, it's true. We're really on our way to England, but I've left behind something that's better than anything I'll ever find in Europe. But let's go down for Miss Hooper now, and get at our mail."

CHAPTER III

GETTING ACQUAINTED

“**T**HE first thing I’m going to do, Beth, is to get into a sailor suit, I’m so awfully uncomfortable in these clothes,” said Jean as they hurried away to their stateroom. “I wonder which is the shortest way to ‘98.’ Let’s go down here, I think it’s the way we came. I don’t remember how the numbers of the rooms run but this looks right.”

“No, Jean, I think we’re going in the opposite direction and aren’t we on the wrong side of the boat? This doesn’t look natural to me.”

“Honestly, Beth, I don’t know. I never would have believed that I could lose my way on a boat, but we certainly aren’t any nearer ‘98’ than we were on the upper deck. Let’s walk on until we meet some one who looks

intelligent and then ask the 'way home.' I think one of the stewards is coming this way, and I'm going to ask him."

It took but a moment for the obliging deck-steward to show them how to reach their room and soon they had both donned their blue sailor suits and had joined Miss Hooper in the dining-room, which was already filled with anxious people looking through the assorted mail for their letters. Miss Hooper beckoned to the girls and showed them the little pile she had collected for them and suggested that they take everything to their own room to open. Just as they were leaving the room a steward called out, "Lunch in the main dining-room at one-thirty o'clock," and as they reached the stairway another steward called out, "Last call for mail, the pilot goes back in half an hour."

"Oh," cried Jean, "I must send back a letter to Tom and one to Dad. Where can I put all these things?"

"Why not take them with you into the writing-room?" said Miss Hooper. "If that is full, come up to our room and use my foun-

tain pen. There will be plenty of time if you make your letters brief. I have written all I care to, so I will leave you two here and go up and put some of the flowers in water. Later we will have them on our dining-table so everybody can enjoy them."

Jean had so many things she wanted to tell her father that she couldn't decide what to say first, and finally ended by writing:

"DEAR DAD:

"Here we are sailing out to sea, or maybe it's only the North River. Fine time. Everything all right. More later.

"JEAN."

Tom's letter was little better, but she sealed, stamped, and addressed them and dropped them into the mail-bag just in time for them to be taken off.

"There, that's done," she said; "now I'm going to get at my own letters and I hope nothing will stop me, for I've been just crazy to see them ever since I came on board."

When they entered their stateroom Eliza-

beth exclaimed, "Oh, such beautiful flowers! Why it looks like a florist's shop. Where did all these come from?"

"They're from some of my friends, dear," said Miss Hooper, "but for all of us to enjoy. People seem to have remembered my love of roses, and have sent them in great numbers. You must both open your boxes now."

When the girls opened the various packages with their names upon them they found roses and carnations, lilies of the valley and sweet peas, baskets of fruit and boxes of choice candy, books and magazines enough to last through the whole voyage. "Why isn't it just like Christmas?" said Jean with her eyes sparkling. "What shall we ever do with so many things? Whom can we give them to? We can never eat all this fruit and candy ourselves."

"Perhaps we shall find some people less fortunate than ourselves, and always as a last resort there are those in the steerage who will be very thankful for some fresh fruit. I think our friends have been extremely

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thoughtful and generous. These roses which your father sent are beautiful, Jean."

"Why," said Elizabeth, "how could Mr. Cabot send you roses from California?"

"Oh, he didn't send them from California, Elizabeth," said Jean with a smile. "He had Tom order them at a florist's in New York. But Miss Hooper seems to be the favored one; he didn't send us American Beauties. Mine were lilies of the valley and yours sweet peas but then these five-pound boxes of Huyler's are from him and we all have telegrams, too. I'm going to begin on my steamer letters now, if you'll excuse me."

"Are you all ready for lunch, dear?" asked Miss Hooper. "Perhaps the letters will keep until afternoon. It is quarter after one now, and there are several matters yet to be attended to. Our assignments at the dining-table are 45, 46, and 47 at the long table and I want to show you where I have had our steamer chairs placed."

"Will our seats be anywhere near the captain's table?" said Jean. "I had hoped we should be at his table."

"Oh, it is only a few of his personal friends who sit there, Jean, but we shall be just across so you can watch him all you please. Now why not take your letters down with you and peep into them on the way and finish them after lunch?"

"All right," Jean answered, pleasantly, although inwardly she was disappointed not to be able to read the letters, and especially a certain one which had piqued her curiosity all the morning.

Not nearly all the seats in the dining-room were occupied at lunch but there were enough interesting people at the long table to prevent Jean from eating very much and to keep her busy imagining who and what they all were. Her nearest neighbor on the left was a big, burly Englishman who told in the very first sentences of their conversation that he had been over to America for a week looking out for his firm's interests in grain. He had crossed now some twenty times, but he heartily disliked New York and was always glad to get back to London, which, in his estimation, was the only city in the whole world worth

living in. He consumed great quantities of food and persisted in advising Jean what to take and what to let alone. Across from her was a sweet, motherly-looking woman with two sons about ten and twelve years of age; at the end of the table was a dignified, gray-haired gentleman who might easily have been a college professor going to Germany, perhaps for a course in philosophy; just beyond Miss Hooper was a cross-looking little foreigner who appeared to be much out of sorts with the world and scarcely looked up once from his food; perhaps he had not found Americans as appreciative of his genius as he had expected. Half-way down the table were some jolly-looking girls and Jean decided that she would like to know them immediately. She gazed round the dining-room as much as she dared and wondered which was "Rib" Ather-ton and if "Bill" Harding had kept his promise and written to him as he said he would.

Just then the waiter placed her order for a strawberry ice before her and after she had looked at it a moment she whispered to Elizabeth, "Did you ever see such ice-cream?"

Why, it isn't any bigger or thicker than the Nabiscos it's served on. I should call it a Nabisco sandwich and a thin one at that. Wouldn't I like to show our waiter one of Briggs's chocolate walnut college ices; it would make this look like a little bit of nothing. I've had enough, anyway; it's so stuffy in here I'm getting dizzy, I think I'll go and find a good breezy seat up on deck and read my letters. Won't you both come with me?"

Miss Hooper wished to unpack her suitcase and Elizabeth to lie down a little while, so Jean started off alone and soon found a comfortable spot much to her liking up on the hurricane deck. She spread her letters and telegrams out in her lap and tore open the thick letter from her father. The poor man had tried not to show how much he was going to miss his only daughter through the long summer, and told her one amusing incident after another until she was laughing aloud to herself at the pictures he drew of himself and the boys. On the last sheet of the bulky letter she read these words, "If I get too lonesome out here and you write me

too interesting accounts of what you're doing over there I may be obliged to run over in August to come home with you. Anyway, I'll meet you in New York, September 20th, and give you the grandest welcome in the world. Tell Miss Hooper to take the best care of my little girls and I'll reward her royally when we meet again."

Jean was so excited over the prospect of having her father meet them in Europe that she was on the point of leaving her other letters unread and rushing down to tell the others the astounding news from her father but a large, thick envelope suggestive of a wedding invitation marked "Detroit," caught her eye, and remembering certain vivid experiences in the past year connected with the only person she knew in Detroit, she tore it open hastily and found an invitation to attend the wedding of Marjorie Remington and John Goodrich the following week.

This was more than she could stand, and she gathered up all her unread letters and started toward the stairs. Half-way there she came face to face with a big, broad-shoul-

dered man who smiled pleasantly at her and said, "Pardon me, but isn't this Miss Cabot — Miss Jean Cabot? My name's Atherton, I'm a friend of Bill Harding, who sent me this letter of introduction to you. From his description I recognized you the moment I saw you come into the dining-room, but to be perfectly sure I asked the steward. I expected from what Bill wrote that he would come to the boat, but something must have prevented him."

"Yes, I had a telephone message from him just before the boat started and he sent me a letter, but I haven't had time to read it. He said over the 'phone that his father had been taken suddenly ill in the New York office and he did not feel that he could leave him. He had only a moment to talk, but he said I'd find the details in his letter. So after I've read that perhaps I can tell you more about his father."

"Thank you, I should like to hear. I came up last night from Providence and they knew nothing about it at our office there. Can't we sit down here and get acquainted? I don't know a soul on the boat except my three

roommates and I've only seen them a few moments. Bill tells me you don't know any one, either, but that you're very fond of people and a good time. So am I; so perhaps together we can find enough to amuse ourselves.

"Speaking of my roommates, I think you will enjoy meeting them, for they're all fine-appearing young fellows. Two of them just graduated in June from Princeton and are going to travel during the summer, and then one of them is going to Oxford for a year's study. The other chap is an artist, going over to Paris to study portraiture, a dreamy sort of fellow but good-natured, if I'm a good judge of men. Have you ever played shuffle-board? It's good fun and exercise, and I thought later in the afternoon I'd bring the fellows round and introduce them and maybe we could have a little game before dinner."

"Oh, I'd love to, but I don't know anything about it."

"It's not difficult to learn, Miss Cabot, I assure you, so if you're willing we'll teach you. Where shall I find you?"

“Our steamer chairs are just below our stateroom, which is ‘98,’ and we’ll surely be there about five o’clock. I haven’t told you how delighted I am to know you and how glad I shall be to introduce you to my roommate, Miss Fairfax, and our chaperone, Miss Hooper. This is my first experience on the ocean and I’m so happy and excited over it that I don’t seem to know just what I’m doing and saying. I’m not always so crazy-headed as I seem to be this afternoon, and now if you’ll excuse me I think I’ll go down to my room and finish reading my letters. We’ll be ready at five, surely.”

By four o’clock Elizabeth, Jean, and Miss Hooper were ready to go out on deck and sit in their steamer chairs. They had books and magazines galore, but these gradually slipped unread into their laps or on the floor as the three gazed contentedly out on the calm blue ocean, which to-day was as still as any mill pond and gave no promise of waves mountain-high in time of storm. Now and then a gull would alight on the crest of a wave and rest there as comfortably as any robin in an apple-

tree, and once a large school of porpoises swam by. Few of the steamer chairs were occupied as yet, and people passed and re-passed restlessly, as though it were a little difficult to settle down and do anything but day-dream.

A little after five o'clock, Mr. Atherton and his roommates came up to where Jean was sitting and after the introductions were over the seven started for the lower end of the deck where Mr. Atherton had had one of the shuffle-board sections reserved for him. The simple explanation of the game was given, and first Jean and Bob Bowker, one of the Princeton men, were to play Miss Hooper and Mr. Atherton, thus leaving Elizabeth and Jack Raymond, the other Princeton man, and John Blair, the young artist, to sit down on the deck, braced up against a life-boat to await their turn.

Jean went into the new game with her usual enthusiasm and she and her partner were rolling up a big score. She was very anxious to win and toward the end of the game she stepped back to get a better shot and somehow

slipped on the smooth deck and fell down with a little scream of pain. "Oh, it's nothing," she said after a moment, as everybody hastened to help her up. "I'm all right, thank you." But as she attempted to stand she grew pale and sank down again as she said, "It's my ankle; something's the matter there. I guess you will have to help me after all."

Mr. Atherton lifted her gently into a steamer-chair which some one had brought and said, "You'd better sit here until the doctor looks at your ankle and then he'll tell us what to do."

"All right," said Jean, smiling bravely, "I hope the doctor's that fine-looking officer I saw on deck when we were going over the ship with Tom. I thought it was the captain but Tom laughed at me and said it probably was only the doctor. I didn't think then I'd ever have any occasion to become acquainted with the doctor. Wouldn't Tom smile if he knew? He'd say I did it on purpose."

Just then young Blair, who had hurried away for the doctor came round the corner

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with a tall, thin man in a dark-blue uniform, who limped in his right leg rather noticeably. "Oh," said Jean, "I'm disappointed; it isn't my officer at all. What a funny-looking man he is! But I wish he'd hurry, for it's getting worse every minute," and she closed her eyes and bit her lips to keep from crying.

After Jean had been removed to her room and an examination made, it was found that she had wrenched her ankle, though not badly, and before the doctor left he told her he thought that if she kept off her feet for the rest of the voyage she would be able to walk when they landed. At first it was very hard for Jean to be reconciled to the thought of keeping still so long, for she knew it meant giving up all the good times she had pictured to herself; the mornings in the swimming-tank, the games of ring-toss and shuffle-board, the long walks round and round the decks, the excitement of the dining-room, the dances after dinner, in fact the whole life of the boat, but when the doctor told her that she could sit in her steamer chair on deck the next day and every pleasant day, she felt differently,

and determined to make the best of it and not cause the others unhappiness because of her mishap.

In spite of her strong constitution the shock had tired her and she was quite willing to obey the doctor's orders and be put to bed. Elizabeth insisted upon having her dinner served with Jean's in the stateroom, and after they had eaten she read aloud to her from one of the new books which had been sent to them. At eight o'clock Miss Hooper came in and brought messages of sympathy from many of the passengers, for the news of the accident had spread like wildfire over the boat. She was tired after the strenuous day and a little worried over Jean's accident, so she suggested that she and Elizabeth go to bed, too. Elizabeth was glad to do so, but Jean protested, "Oh, Miss Hooper, I know you are taking pity on me and coming to bed just to keep me company. Please don't waste this glorious night in here. I know it's moonlight, and it must be beautiful and cool out on deck. Do you suppose I can sit out to-morrow night?"

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"Yes, little girl, I hope so and all the other nights as well, for to-morrow morning I am sure you will feel much better, and the only thing I shall insist upon will be that you sit still in your steamer chair and let everybody wait on you. I am very tired and quite ready to have a good night's sleep. Do you feel comfortable now? Can I do anything for you?"

"No, Miss Hooper. I think if I can get to sleep I shall be all right. I'm waiting to see Elizabeth climb up into the upper berth. Isn't it fortunate I chose the lower one?"

Elizabeth climbed up into the upper berth with surprising ease and Miss Hooper took the couch berth directly opposite Jean. Soon the lights were switched off and good-nights said, but not before Miss Hooper whispered, "Please, Jean, if you want anything in the night, don't hesitate to call me."

Jean promised, and before many minutes she could hear the deep breathing of the other two, but sleep did not seem so willing to come to her. She lay perfectly still a long, long time with her eyes wide open and when at last

she dozed for a little while it was only to be awakened by the strange new sound of the machinery or the laughter of some passing deck-walker. And after the deck lights were all out and the passengers were in their rooms and the stillness of night had settled over the boat they ran into a bank of fog, and the fog-horn shrilly shouted its note of warning to all that might cross its course. And then as the night watches rang out she could hear the lookout's assuring, "All's well," and she tried to believe it and sleep. But down in that wrenched ankle the pain began again and her restlessness increased and her imagination stirred up such distressing pictures that at last she could stand it no longer and she called softly, "Oh, Miss Hooper, will you please turn on the light and help me?" It took a long time to find the electric button in the darkness but finally the light flashed on, and after Jean had reluctantly told about her sleeplessness and the pain in her ankle Miss Hooper insisted upon ringing for the steward and asked him to send the doctor to the state-room immediately.

The doctor was so long in coming that Miss Hooper was on the point of ringing a second time but just then some one knocked on the stateroom door and the doctor entered the room. If Jean had thought him funny when she first saw him on deck that afternoon with John Blair, she thought him doubly so now, and in spite of her pain she found it was all she could do to keep from laughing in his face. His long hair was very mussed and portions of it stood aggressively on end, his eyes had a very sleepy look, and his long, thin body was swathed in something which he undoubtedly would have called a bath-robe, but which more closely resembled a much-beruffled, old-fashioned flannel wrapper. It was so long that it trailed far behind him as he walked, and was fastened round his waist with a heavy cord.

As Miss Hooper and Jean told him alternately why he had been called in the middle of the night he echoed each sentence with his pleasant "Ah-h — indeed," as unconcerned as though they had been telling him about the weather. When they had finished he said he

had forgotten to bring his medicine case with him but he would go back to his room and return very shortly with something to ease the pain and put Jean to sleep at once. Then he slowly went out of the room trailing his robe behind him and the three looked at each other and burst out laughing as the door shut behind him.

“Oh, did you ever see anything so funny in all your life?” said Jean. “He was bad enough this afternoon, but now he’s a perfect scream. He nearly drove me mad when we were talking to him with those everlasting, ‘Ah-h-indeeds,’ of his. He didn’t seem to care a particle, either, whether I was dying with pain or not. Did you notice how peculiarly he walked? I believe he’s got a wooden leg, for he walks so stiffly; not at all like any lame person I ever saw before.

“Wouldn’t it be romantic to fall in love with an Englishman with a wooden leg? Come to think of it, I believe that’s why it took him so long to get here. He probably had to take the leg out of the corner and fasten it on. But what do you suppose is

keeping him so long now? It's mighty lucky I'm not dying, for I'd be dead several times over before he'd ever help me."

For some unaccountable reason, unless it was perhaps that he was making the pills, the doctor did not return for almost an hour and the three lay in their berths and laughed at the vision which had interrupted their night's repose. Jean became almost hysterical, but a good laugh was just what she needed to make her sleepy and when the doctor did finally appear, without any explanation of his long absence, however, she was so sleepy she could hardly take the medicine he offered her. But she managed to thank him and hear him say as he left the room, "Ah, Miss Cabot, if you are willing,—aw —, I should like to read to you — aw — an awfully funny story I have, aw — to-morrow morning — aw — to help pass the time away. May I read it when the others are at lunch? Aw — thank you."

The next day Miss Hooper and Elizabeth declared that they heard Jean accept the offer in her most gracious manner, but she always emphatically denied all knowledge of it.

CHAPTER IV

THE CAPTAIN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY, AND OTHER THINGS

THE next thing the three were conscious of was the entrance of the stewardess about eight o'clock the following morning with oranges and black coffee. Jean felt very much better, but Miss Hooper suggested that she stay in bed until after breakfast at least, and then see how she felt. As Elizabeth looked out through the port-hole she exclaimed, "Why! It's raining and the deck is all wet; it doesn't look at all inviting. I guess there won't be many out to-day."

"Oh, it's early to judge the weather, Elizabeth," said Miss Hooper. "Probably it will clear off before noon. We very often pass through fogs or showers which last but a little while and then it's bright and sunshiny again. There's a bit of a swell on now, so get dressed

as quickly as possible and go out on deck, for fresh air is the best thing you can have on a day like this. If you wish I'll have your breakfast sent up there, but you must not stay in here. Jean won't mind it lying down, and she can have her breakfast at the same time we are having ours. Think of the luxury of breakfasting in bed, Jean."

"I think I'll be all right when I get out in the air," said Elizabeth. "I feel a bit wobbly now, but I'm going down in the dining-room with you if I possibly can. I want to be able to say I ate every meal there in perfect comfort."

"All right, Elizabeth; you can try it if you wish to," answered Miss Hooper.

But not long after Elizabeth rushed into "98" and flopped down on the first place she could find, which happened to be Miss Hooper's couch. "No, I'm not sick, Jean," she explained, "but I sat at the table until everything began to go round so quickly I decided I'd be better lying down up here. I think after all I'll have most of my meals served up on deck."

When Miss Hooper came in a little later, both girls insisted that she stay out in the air for they were comfortable there and had plenty to talk about. So she put on her rubbers and a sweater and went out to walk part of her five miles a day. She met the doctor after she had been walking a few minutes and he asked about his patient. When she told him that Jean was much better but still in bed and that Elizabeth was feeling her first qualm of seasickness and had lain down, too, he declared that this would be just the time to entertain them both with his amazingly funny poem, so he hastened to his quarters to get the book.

The two girls were deep in a discussion of Mr. Atherton and his roommates when they heard a gentle rap at their door. Thinking it was the stewardess back again they pleasantly called, "Come in," but to their astonished gaze in walked the doctor holding tightly in one hand a small booklet. "Ah, good morning — aw — how is my patient this morning? Aw — Miss Hooper told me I might — aw — find — aw — two patients instead of one. So

— aw — I've come to prescribe and — aw — may I read a little to you? ”

“ I'm very much better, Doctor,” said Jean, “ I have almost no pain in my ankle now and I hope to go out on deck just as soon as it clears up. Miss Fairfax has a slight headache but I think she'll pull through. Won't you sit down, please? We have only one chair to offer you. We should be delighted to have you read, thank you.”

As the doctor sat down Jean turned on her pillow so that she could have a good view of Elizabeth who was lying opposite to her and then said, “ Oh, what are you going to read to us? ”

“ The name of the poem is ‘ Pretty Paulina ’ — aw — and it's awfully, awfully funny.” Then he began to read in his soft effeminate voice the silly little rhyme which was much more suitable for five-year-olds than for college girls. Every verse ended with “ And thus spoke Pretty Paulina,” and when he came to the refrain he would look from one girl to the other for approbation and exclaim, “ Isn't

that rich? But just wait until you hear the next verse."

The girls were almost beside themselves with laughing, not at the poem itself, but at the voice and gestures of the doctor, for as he read he moved the book up and down in time with the meter of the verse and frequently used his free hand for interpretative gestures. The more they laughed the more he thought they were appreciating his rendering of the poem and as he turned the last page they were fairly convulsed with mirth. He, mistaking this for applause, exclaimed, "Aw — I am so glad you enjoy my little poem, aw — suppose I read it again — aw. I never tire of hearing it — aw — and I am sure you will — aw — agree with me — aw — that it's awfully funny."

Neither girl knew what to say, for they were afraid of hurting his feelings if they told the truth, and yet they could not stand another rendering. But they were spared that necessity for just then Miss Hooper appeared at the door saying, "What is all this laughter

about? I heard you as I walked past the port-hole and I couldn't resist coming in."

The girls were quite too wilted to reply immediately but the doctor, beaming over his spectacles, replied, "Aw — just in time, Miss Hooper — aw — I was on the point of reading — aw — 'Pretty Paulina' — to these very appreciative young ladies. Pray take this chair — aw — and I'll stand here where I can see you all."

But at a weak gesture of dissent from Jean which Miss Hooper caught just in time she replied, "Oh, thank you, Doctor, I should enjoy hearing you read but I was just on the point of asking you to carry our invalid to her steamer chair where she can enjoy the fresh breezes. Suppose you come back in about half an hour and she will be ready; then we can have the reading out on deck."

This did not seem wholly to please the doctor but he left the room promising to return at the appointed time. No sooner had he left the room than the girls buried their faces in their pillows and gave way to their suppressed feelings. "What is the matter?"

asked Miss Hooper several times without obtaining an answer. At last Jean raised her face wet with the tears of laughter and replied, "Oh, Miss Hooper, you should have been here; it was awful. That ridiculous man — never let him get started again on one of his silly jingles. Positively, I can never look him in the face again and keep sober. But now I'm ready to be dressed if you'll help me."

With much difficulty Jean was finally dressed and her swollen foot encased in a soft bed-slipper. She did not dare step on it, and sat on the edge of the bed waiting to be carried out on deck. They waited and waited until finally Miss Hooper exclaimed, "I'm not going to wait a moment longer; that doctor simply cannot be depended upon. I shall ring for the stewardess and she and I can carry you all right."

In the midst of operations the doctor came leisurely toward them exclaiming, "Ah, really! Ready so soon! I'm sorry to have been detained — aw — but I was called to another patient and must beg to be excused — aw — from reading *Pretty Paulina* to you

now — aw — for I must return at once — aw — but I hope I may have another opportunity in the near future.” So saying he strolled away and the girls gave a long sigh of relief at their narrow escape, and soon were comfortably settled in their steamer chairs.

If Jean thought she was going to be lonely and miserable because she was obliged to sit in her steamer chair all day or walk around slowly on crutches she was mistaken. To be sure she couldn't swim or walk or play the deck games but she held her little court on upper deck where her ardent admirers, and they were many, came to pay her homage. She was so cheerful through it all that every one, from the captain to the deck-steward, became her devoted slaves and carried and fetched for her as they might have done for any Eastern princess. She laughingly declared that one had to make his way to her through the books and magazines and candy-boxes which were piled around her chair. So many people offered to read aloud to her that she declined them all, fearing lest by accepting some offers she would hurt the feelings of

those she refused, for she could not possibly accept them all.

Fortunately steamer chairs can be moved easily, and when there were exciting shuffle-board tournaments to be watched or the *Adriatic* passed another liner or merchant ship or a whale was sighted, some one always rushed to where Jean was sitting to tell her about it and to see that she was carried where she could get the best view. The two Princeton men and Mr. Atherton were constantly in attendance, but young Blair seemed to feel that he was in the way and seldom joined the young people who centered around Jean. Occasionally when he saw her alone for a few minutes he would approach her and talk animatedly, but the moment one of the others joined them he would mumble a few words and disappear into the background.

One afternoon, the third or fourth day out, as Jean sat alone writing he came up to her and asked if she would be willing to have her steamer chair carried up to the hurricane deck the next morning and sit there a little while so that he might sketch her. He was very

anxious to do a water-color of her in the warm sunshine with the wind blowing her yellow hair. After she had said she would be glad to do something for him in return for his many favors he replied, "Thank you very much. Will you be ready about ten o'clock? And if it's perfectly convenient, will you please wear your white middy blouse with the red sailor knot? Take a book along to read if you like, then you won't be bored to death. Of course we can't keep other people away but I hope they won't bother us. I know a rather secluded spot up near the bridge just beyond the captain's quarters, where few people pass. I've been trying to sketch a little there but haven't been in the right mood until to-day. Now I seem to have an inspiration and my fingers fairly itch to be at work," and he smiled and bowed low.

"Oh, you flatter me," said Jean, blushing, "but tell me something of your work. I'm interested already. I know very little about artists, but pictures have always fascinated me."

And then Blair, forgetting himself in the

enthusiasm of his subject, told her about his early struggles and future hopes and the dream that was about to come true of his studying with the great masters in Paris.

The next morning found the two seated in the wind and the sun of the upper deck, he on his low camp-stool, braced against the deck-house, with his sketching-block against his knees and brushes and paint at hand; she reposing comfortably in her steamer chair near the rail, keeping her gaze seaward in order that he might paint the desired profile. Every now and then her curious gaze wandered back to the worker and lingered there until he laughingly reminded her of the pose. In one of the moments of relaxation as she turned round in her chair she caught sight of the captain standing in the doorway of his stateroom, sketch-book and pencil in hand, apparently absorbed, like Blair, in sketching her.

As the captain looked up and found her eyes fixed upon him, he smiled and closing his book, came toward them. "Now I am discovered," he said. "I hope you will pardon the liberty I have taken of sharing your

model, Mr. Blair, but really you know, I couldn't resist such a charming picture."

"Why, Captain, are you an artist, too?" exclaimed Jean in surprise.

"O dear no. Only a dabbler in some of my spare moments. This is just my Memory Book in which I keep the people and things that interest me on shipboard."

"It must be awfully interesting," said Jean, "may I look at it, especially my own picture?"

"Yes, if you really care to see it and promise not to show it to Mr. Blair."

Jean promised and soon was laughing over the humorous sketches the captain had made, although here and there were more serious ones which showed a veritable genius for catching expressions of many unsuspecting subjects. Seating himself with his back to the rail near Jean he began talking to her as he turned to a fresh leaf in the sketch-book and idly commenced a sketch of the artist. Jean watched him for a few moments with great interest, then she finally said, "Do tell me, Captain, where did you learn to draw so cleverly?"



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"Dear me, little girl, that would be telling you the story of my life."

"Oh, that's just what I'd like to hear, Captain," said Jean eagerly.

"Well, you see my father was a R. A., which means in England that you're a really and truly painter, a member of the Royal Academy. So you see that's probably how I came by the artistic streak. And then, too, father gave me, at odd moments, lessons in drawing. But I was of a roving disposition and took to the seas. It was a hard life with little time for the fine arts, and I soon forgot much that he taught me. But it crops out now and then and I can't resist the temptation to try my hand at it. Perhaps I might have made something out of it, but as it was I chose my own course and I guess I've been as happy as most men."

"Why, how old are you, Captain? You talk as though you were very, very old, and you surely don't look so."

"Not so old in years, Miss Cabot, as in experience, but that reminds me, I have a birthday to-morrow. Why couldn't we cele-

brate and have a birthday party with a cake and candles? ”

“ Splendid! ” cried Jean. “ One of the things I wanted to do most was to sit at the captain’s table. And to think I should be invited to his birthday party! Perhaps by to-morrow night I shall be able to travel like a human being again and walk into the dining-room if some one will help me a little. ”

“ I guess you needn’t worry about that, eh, Mr. Blair? ”

“ Not if I can get there first, Captain. May I have that honor, Miss Cabot? ”

“ O dear yes, and thank you, ” said Jean, “ if you don’t think I’ll be too much of a burden. ”

And so it was that on the following evening about half-past eight o’clock Blair helped Jean into the dining-room and over to the captain’s table. She walked remarkably well and there was no question but that if she was careful she would soon be able to walk alone. They were almost the last ones to arrive, and after they and Elizabeth and Miss Hooker greeted the host of the evening he gave the

signal for everybody to sit down. Clever little place-cards made by the captain, although none but Jean and Blair guessed it, told them where to sit. To her surprise, Jean found herself at the right of the captain, who, of course, sat at the head of the table; at her other side was a jolly old Englishman from Yorkshire who had been spending "a couple of months exploring the States," as he said. As Jean looked round at the guests to see who were the captain's real friends that he would invite to his party she smiled a little at his choice and although she recognized one millionaire among them, for the most part they were not those whom she had imagined he would invite. Besides her own party there were the two Yorkshire gentlemen whom she had noticed spending most of their time up in one corner of the deck playing checkers, a sweet little old lady and her husband, going on their first visit to their daughter, who had married a German and settled in Berlin, a dashing young cavalry officer and his wife and daughter, a charming young girl of fourteen or so, who were on their way to France where the father

was to study the cavalry system and the daughter was to be put in school. There were also a New York millionaire, who kept his dollars in the background, a senator from a western State, with whom the captain delighted in talking politics, and a half-dozen or so of the young friends of Jean.

The table was beautifully decorated in spite of the fact that fresh flowers are not available in mid-ocean, and in the center was an enormous frosted cake with innumerable small lighted candles upon it. The captain whispered to Jean at his first opportunity, "You wanted to know how old I was, Miss Cabot. Count the candles and see what they tell you."

"But there are almost a hundred candles, I can tell without counting. What an old man you are! But you certainly don't look it."

In some way it had reached the captain's ears that Jean didn't like the ice-cream on board so he had requested the chef to make some real American ice-cream for this especial occasion, and with great glee he served her with a heaping dish of chocolate cream.

"How is this for ice-cream, Miss Cabot? Is it as good as Briggs's?"

"Why, Captain, how did you know anything about Briggs's ice-cream?"

"Oh, a little bird told me. Speaking of ice-cream, do you hear that new sound from the machinery to-night?"

"Yes, what is it?" asked several.

"Our supply of ice has given out during this extremely hot weather and that is our new machine for manufacturing it. If any of you care to see it, I shall be pleased to have you accompany me to-morrow morning when I go down to inspect it. It's the first time it has been used since it was installed."

Almost every one was delighted at the prospect of going but Jean exclaimed, "Oh, how I dislike the continual sound of machinery; it's the only unpleasant thing there is. How much better it would be if we didn't have to hear it all the time. If it would only stop for just a few moments."

"Perhaps so, but if the machinery on this boat or on any other should stop some night

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even just for a moment, I think it would wake you up from the soundest sleep you ever had. Perhaps you'll experience it some time for yourself and if you tell the truth I think you'll admit that you prefer hearing the machinery to having it suddenly stop. Now I'm going to ask every one to be prepared to tell the funniest story he knows. We'll begin with you, Miss Cabot."

Jean was taken quite unawares, but remembering one of her father's favorites she told that in her fresh enthusiastic way and had the table laughing heartily. When the stories were told they left the table and moved over to a corner of the huge dining-room where the captain had had a piano placed. It was quite a musical little company, and nearly everybody could sing or play. Much to the surprise of her own friends, Elizabeth was prevailed upon to sing some simple ballads and as an encore, at Jean's suggestion, she recited, "The Lady of Shalot," which had won her the prize at prize-speaking in June. The mention of college brought up many personal anecdotes and it was very late when the little

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old lady insisted it was time for her to be excused.

As the good-nights were being exchanged the captain said, "We'll be seeing land to-morrow, if all goes well. We'll probably sight the Irish coast about noon."

"When do we arrive at Queenstown?" asked Jean.

"Early the next morning I expect. Many of the passengers will have left the boat before you're awake. However, there's a lot of luggage and freight to be taken off, so there'll be plenty of time for you to see a good deal of the city if you wish to."

"No, thank you," said Jean. "I'd like to but I don't believe my foot will let me. I want to be all right when we reach Liverpool so I must be careful to-morrow. What time will we dock in Liverpool?"

"Probably about noon, day after to-morrow. If we make good time it may be earlier. We've had a record trip so far. I cannot remember seeing the ocean smoother during an entire trip. And it's been very comfortable except when we came through the Gulf

Stream, but we've got to expect hot weather there. I hope you'll all have as good luck coming home but September and October are pretty squally months. I wish I might take you all back on the *Adriatic*, but it seldom happens that the same ones return with me."

The guests seemed reluctant to go but one after another they left the room and went their different ways. It was glorious moonlight out of doors and when Jean expressed a desire to stay out in it a while Miss Hooper replied, "Not to-night, dear; it's very late but to-morrow night will be our last on board and you may sit out then and enjoy yourselves as long as you please."

The next day they sighted land and the camera fiends all brought out their cameras to catch first views of the Irish coast in all its rocky beauty. When a sufficient number of these had been taken they snapped the passengers and officers and there followed a merry time taking down addresses and making promises to exchange films. With the sighting of land and the stop at Queenstown there was a perceptible change in the people. The days

of listless idling were over, for suit-cases must be packed and preparations made for leaving the boat. Everywhere one heard, "Where are you going?" "By what route?" "Perhaps we shall meet in London." "Send my letters to the American Express Offices." "Do you dread the customs?" "Have you paid your tips? Aren't they awful? Cost more than your ticket over."

At night there was a happy group of young people gathered in their steamer chairs around Jean, bathing themselves in the beauty of the moonlight as it fell upon the placid waters. They were singing softly, and as their songs fell upon the ears of many an older passenger he stopped and listened and wished himself back at that happiest stage of life's voyage where it's all sunshine and moonshine and smooth sailing. After the songs were finished, plans were made for their first reunion in the fall, and Jean said, "I suppose we've got to go in sometime; we're the last ones out and I see the deck-steward coming over to warn us. I hate to have it all end, for we'll never have quite these experiences again

and they've been very happy ones. Remember that for the next three years I'm going to be at Ashton College winters and in the mountains of California summers and you're always welcome at both places. Of course we'll see each other in the morning but it will be different from this. So let's give three cheers for the *Adriatic* and say good-night."

After they had cheered the good ship and its captain, they cheered every member of the little group until finally there was nobody left to cheer. Then Miss Hooper said, "Now we must say good-night or we'll not get a particle of sleep," and they all went to their rooms more tired than any one of them would have admitted. As Miss Hooper and Elizabeth walked down the passageway they heard Jean behind them say, "I'll come in just a minute, Miss Hooper." And had they been out on deck they might have seen a solitary figure in the moonlight saying good-bye to all the beauty of the night.

CHAPTER V

SEEING CHESTER

THE next morning it rained, not a gentle drizzle but a steady downpour. Fortunately there was no swell and the perfect calm made it possible for every one to enjoy his last meal down in the dining-room. The captain's prophecy had come true, and they were to land before noon, probably between ten and eleven o'clock.

After breakfast was over and Jean had fastened her bulging suit-case and locked her steamer-trunk for the last time, she put on her rain-coat and rubbers, took her umbrella, and went out on deck. It made her smile to herself to see other enthusiasts like herself walking the decks with their opened umbrellas but there was too much to be seen to let a little thing like rain interfere. Before long they were steaming up the Mersey River,

filled with craft of every conceivable kind from the great liners to the egg-shells of dories, and gradually the outlines of Liverpool pierced through the mist and rain. Few of the women passengers were out, but any number of the men walked up and down and Mr. Atherton, being very familiar with the harbor, pointed out to her some of the interesting sights.

Miss Hooper's party was going to Chester and thence to Warwick and the Land of Shakspeare, and Jean was delighted when she found that Mr. Atherton and the Princeton men were to stay over one night there before going to London. With a little disappointment she heard that Blair was going direct to Paris, so eager was he to be at work. But as they walked together for the last time on the upper deck he told her he hoped to see her in a year or two when he returned to America.

Suddenly the boat stopped, and Jean, a little alarmed, insisted upon rushing below and finding out the reason. It did not take long to discover that it was necessary to await a

harbor pilot and a tug-boat to conduct them up the last few miles of the river, as it was a very difficult matter to steer through so crowded a "thoroughfare," especially on so misty a morning. The fog-horns blew from so many vessels that it was almost deafening and more than one passenger began to wish he were safely landed and away from the confusion.

At last the great vessel was warped into its berth and made secure by the immense hempen hawsers. Then the gang-planks were pushed out with a rattle and bang and deck-hands ran up and down them making final preparations. It was some time before the passengers could alight, and when they did so they were carried along by the hustling throng to the custom house where they waited for what seemed hours before their trunks were deposited in the sections marked with every letter of the alphabet.

After Jean and Elizabeth and Miss Hooper finally located their trunks in "C" and "F" and "H," they sat dejectedly down on them and awaited their turn. When two burly in-

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spectors came up to where Jean was sitting, they opened the suit-case and trunk with much bravado but after giving them only a cursory glance slammed down the covers and marking them with several crosses passed on to the next victim. Jean muttered to herself, "Well, if that isn't the biggest farce I ever saw! I'd like to have them tell me what good that did them! They couldn't see a thing I had."

About half-past twelve o'clock "the three" were ready to leave the custom house, and as they passed down the long passageway they gazed pityingly at the hundreds of steerage passengers who shivered in the cold, damp room in which they waited their turn, which might not come until late in the afternoon. Once outside the building, they found themselves in the midst of clamoring cabbies, who insisted upon carrying them to their destination. Miss Hooper chose what she considered the least harmless-looking and bargained with him to be carried with their luggage to Lime Street Station. After the price was set, which, after much arguing still seemed pre-

posterous the two girls got into the cab, the suit-cases were piled up beside the driver's seat, and then Miss Hooper and the obliging cabby disappeared in the custom house to locate the trunks and have them fastened to the back of the one small cab.

"Oh, I'm so hungry," said Jean, "it seems as though I couldn't wait another minute for something to eat."

"I should think you might be," answered Elizabeth; "you ate scarcely any breakfast this morning. But I'm afraid you'll be hungrier still, for Miss Hooper said we wouldn't have lunch until we reached Chester. She hopes to get a train there immediately and it's only a short ride down. She says it will be better to go directly to our hotel there and have a late lunch instead of trying to get something here in Liverpool."

"Well, then, under those circumstances I suppose I shall be obliged to wait. Oh, if I only had some of that Peters's chocolate! Did you ever see such huge advertising signs? The more I look at that sign, the hungrier I get. There doesn't seem to be a store in

sight anywhere, but then I shouldn't dare to get out of this cab, if there were one. Isn't this alley-way a dirty, dark place? And I don't like the looks of these cab-drivers either. I wish some one we know would come along and I'd ask him to stand and talk to us until Miss Hooper comes back."

"There's Jack Raymond now, just coming out of the doorway," said Elizabeth. "But he doesn't seem to be looking our way."

"I'm going to get out and speak to him," and Jean opened the door and went in his direction and soon returned with him explaining what she wanted him to do.

"Why, of course, I'd be delighted," he said, "and perhaps I can use the extra seat in your cab and ride up with you to the station. The other fellows are probably up there now fuming because I haven't put in an appearance, but you see my name is so far down the alphabet I thought the men would never get to me. And then, too, I had to send a cable to my mother and that took more time. I told the fellows to go along and I'd join them as soon

as I could. Perhaps they're already on their way to Chester."

"Oh, I must send a cable, too. I had forgotten all about it in the excitement, but when Miss Hooper comes back I'll ask her if we can go and send one. Where is the office?"

"Down on the dock, just beyond where our boat landed. There's a sub-post-station there, too, and I mailed my first letters and postal cards home. Just look at this bunch of English money I got for change. Aren't these pennies heavy? I suppose this is regular English weather, always raining they say, but if I'm any kind of a prophet, it'll clear before long for it's lighting up quite a bit now. The first purchase I make is a rain-coat; I loaned mine at college, commencement week, and I haven't thought about it since. Won't you have some chocolate? I saw some Peters's down in a little store on the dock and I couldn't resist."

"Oh, lead me to it. You've saved my life, Mr. Raymond," said Jean. "I was just wishing I could have some. One of the girls told

me just before we started that you never could buy any decent candy abroad but that Peters' and Cailler's chocolate were much fresher and better than at home. I'm a fiend at chocolate, you know. I'll have to buy a generous supply when we go down to send the cable for we aren't going to have lunch until we reach Chester and I'm nearly famished now."

"Look," said Elizabeth. "Isn't that the captain? How different he looks in those clothes. I can't say I like that big Panama hat on him. I wonder if those are his boys. The little one looks just like him."

"He's coming this way," said Jean. "I hope he'll stop so we can say good-bye again. Yes, I'm sure those are his boys. He told me he had six and the oldest one is in the army."

"Did you know he was quite a business man, Miss Cabot?" asked Jack Raymond. "He and a partner run one of the largest florist shops in New York and another in London. He's sort of a silent partner and doesn't say much about it, but I found that out one day from one of the engineers."

"I didn't know about it, but I'm not surprised; he's a very clever man in his quiet way," said Jean. "Oh, he sees us; he's taking off that unbecoming hat. Let's get out and talk with him a minute. I want to see those cunning boys."

When the captain came up to them he seemed very glad to see the young people and introduced his boys to them. As they were talking, Miss Hooper and the cabby returned with one of the trunks, which, with great difficulty, was placed upon a somewhat trembly-looking trunk-rack and the man went back for the other two.

After the greetings were over the captain exclaimed, "Now, what's to prevent you all coming down to my home this afternoon to meet my wife and the rest of the family? It's only a little way to Seacombe and we can take one of the river steamers that go back and forth all day. My wife will be delighted to see you, for she's quite as fond of Americans as I am. By the way, she's up in the city shopping now, waiting for me. The boys came down here alone to see the boat come

in. Do you know, I've never come back on a trip for the last fifteen years but that some one of my family was here to welcome me. Well, what do you say, Miss Hooper, to spending the rest of the day with us?"

"Thank you, very much, Captain, but we have made our plans to go directly to Chester this afternoon. However, we sail home from Liverpool and perhaps then we can visit your home. I should be delighted to do so, for I long to see a real English home. We shall be obliged to make most of our stops at hotels, so can see very little of the home life of which one hears so much."

"Very well, Miss Hooper, but I'm afraid if we don't see you now, we never shall. You can't tell what may happen during the summer and I'm a firm believer in the saying, 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' Is there anything I can do for you in the city? I see the cabby has your trunks strapped on and probably he'd like to start along. I hope the trunks will stay on; you'd better keep your weather eye on them, they don't look very secure to me. It's been a real pleasure to know

you all and I hope we shall meet again. Good-bye and a happy summer to you all." And the captain and his two young sons disappeared from sight as the cab rolled away toward the station.

They arrived at Lime Street Station just in time to catch the 1.15 train for Chester and were not surprised, as they entered their compartment, to find Mr. Atherton and Bob Bowker already seated there. Bob began to expostulate with Jack for his delay. "Oh, I guess it's easy enough to see why you're so late," he said, with a knowing look in the direction of the two girls. "But you've missed it being so late. For we saw Blair and the Allen girls and the Ridgeways and a lot more people off on the London Express. I think Helen Allen was really disappointed not to say good-bye to you. She seemed to have an awful crush on you the last few days.

"Then, while we were waiting for this train to come in there was a great stir over a part of a crack regiment which went away on the train on the next track. I never saw such tall, good-looking soldiers in my life. If

Helen Allen had seen them she'd surely have forgotten all about you."

"If you'll pardon me, ladies, I'm going to get out my Baedeker and do some hard boning. I don't know a thing about Chester except that it is an old Roman town and everybody ought to see it. I've got such a short time to stay there that I want to see everything worth while as quickly as possible. Don't anybody speak to me please, until we arrive." Jack deigned no other response.

"Conceited thing," said Jean. "I guess we can dispense with your charming society for a few minutes. We'll leave you to your own sweet self and we'll go over in the corner and I'm sure Elizabeth will tell us all she has been reading about Chester and that will save us the trouble of reading it ourselves. Won't you all have some of this delicious chocolate? No, you needn't pass Mr. Raymond any; it might interfere with his reading."

They chattered gaily about the sights in the quaint mediæval town until the train stopped and the guards called out, "Chester," and they alighted with numberless other sightseers.

"Which hotel will you stop at, Miss Hooper?" asked Mr. Atherton. "We fellows are going to the Grosvenor."

"We shall stay at the Hop Pole. It's not as large as the Grosvenor but it has been highly recommended to me by one of my friends who spent some time here last summer. We shall be very glad to see you there any time. Now that it has cleared off we can spend what there is left of the afternoon after our lunch taking a general view of the city. Probably we shall meet you somewhere in the course of the afternoon." And taking a cab as the others boarded an electric tramway they were soon at their hotels eating the luncheon which they all so much needed. They found it very much like all other luncheons they were in the habit of eating, until it came to the last course and when the rosy-cheeked maid asked Jean whether she would have cold or hot sweets she looked at her in amazement and stammered, "Why — er — what — are — sweets?"

She soon found out that sweets were the desserts, generally cooked fruits with custards

poured over them, or tarts without an upper crust, served in the same way. Then there were quantities of little cakes of every shape and variety, but no pies, or baked puddings or cake, dear to the hearts of Americans. It took but one meal for her to discover that "sweets" play a very important part in an English meal.

Their rooms proved to be large front ones facing Eastgate Street which gave them an excellent view of the busy section of the city. After the rain had stopped it became much warmer and the girls changed their traveling suits for thin walking-skirts and shirt-waists and put on their broad-brimmed sailor hats, over which they draped veils. In the best of spirits the three left the hotel for their first visit to the "Rows."

The "Rows" are continuous galleries or arcades occupying the place of the front rooms of the first floors of the houses lining four of the principal streets. These covered passages are approached from the street by flights of steps and contain a second row of shops. The shops are full of salable articles of every

description and contain many a real treasure in the way of prints and antiques.

As they walked through the "Rows" the girls looked more often at the passing crowds than at anything else and found themselves staring continually at the hair and head-coverings of the girls of their own age. The hair, in most cases, seemed very bushy and curly and was bobbed low in the neck; and they wore on their heads huge caps of worsted without any particular shape but which generally lopped down over their foreheads or over one ear. They were a cross between a child's tam-o'-shanter and an old-fashioned golf cap and impressed one as being very ugly.

As often as the girls dared they stared but found to their amazement that they were being stared at proportionally. At last as they passed a group of what they afterward decided were shop girls out on a half-holiday, they heard one of them say to the others, "Say, girls, catch on to the hats! Americans, I lay you! And look at the veils, will you!" And then they laughed in the bold, hard way these girls can do.

Although they had gone through only about half of the "Rows," this remark spoilt the pleasure for Jean and Elizabeth and they declared that they had seen enough for that day. When they were in the street again Elizabeth said, "Don't you think it would be better, Jean, if we took our veils off and put them in our bags? We evidently are attracting so much attention with them on our hats that it's very unpleasant."

After they had removed their veils they walked down Eastgate Street past "God's Providence House" and "Bishop Lloyd's House," two of the oldest houses in the city, built in the 17th century, and on toward the Cathedral. They viewed this splendid Norman structure from without but decided to leave the interior until Sunday when they could attend service there. Jean's ankle began to bother her and Miss Hooper insisted that they go back to the hotel slowly and leave the "Walls" until another day. As they wandered leisurely in and out of the narrow streets they came upon the great Cheese Market behind the town hall where the Cheshire Cheese

is sold. There were great quantities of vegetables and fruits, game and flowers upon the floor and in stalls and hung up on the sides of the building. Thrifty farmers and their wives made the sales and thrust one thing after another upon possible customers. It began to grow stuffy and they were glad to be out in the air again.

As they walked past the houses, Elizabeth exclaimed, "I think the English people must be very fond of their homes for they are so clean and so well kept and there are flowers in all the windows even when there are gardens out of doors. I wonder what that lovely yellow flower is we see in all the windows. Can it be the primrose?"

"Yes," said Miss Hooper, "I think it is, although I am not sure about it. I imagine one of the things that will impress us most in England will be the love that every one seems to have for his home. How is your ankle now, Jean?"

"It is tired, I must admit," answered Jean, "but I hate to give up anything. I think I should like to get upon one of those queer-

looking double-decker electric cars and take a ride before dinner."

"Well, we can," said Miss Hooper. "The trams run to Saltney, a little town just outside the city and we will have just about time to go there before dinner." So saying, she hailed a passing electric tram and they climbed up to the second story, paid their penny and were off. Again they were impressed with the beauty and seclusion of the homes of even the middle classes and on their return watched a beautiful sunset fall over the ancient city.

When they reached the hotel they found dinner ready and just as they were finishing, Jack Raymond's card was handed to them. They hastened to the parlors and found both of the fellows there.

"Where have you been all the afternoon?" asked Jack. "We've been here twice and couldn't get you either time and we've done the whole city and didn't catch one glimpse of you anywhere. Have you planned anything special for to-night? We've hired an automobile and would like you all to go out joy-riding with us. We'll start in about fif-

teen minutes if you can be ready. You see I'm taking it for granted that you'll go."

"Indeed, we'll be delighted," said Miss Hooper. "We took a look at the 'Rows,' and the Cathedral, and the Market, and then a tram ride to Saltney. Jean's ankle wouldn't allow us to do the 'Walls' but we've saved that for to-morrow and a service at the Cathedral on Sunday. And then bright and early Monday morning we'll start for Stratford-on-Avon."

"Well, then to-night we can see the 'Walls' on our way up to Eaton Hall. You know the twilight lasts until nearly ten o'clock now, so we can see almost as well as in the daytime. I'm going out now to get the machine and call for Mr. Atherton and then we'll come back for you," said Jack, as he started for the door.

"Great! We'll be ready in fifteen minutes, sure," said Jean.

But in less time than that the six were seated in the big automobile and were spinning away over the smooth, well-kept roads. The fellows had walked the two miles round

the top of the walls in the afternoon and so told the others what a wonderful experience they had in store for the next day. Here and there they caught fleeting glances of the old Roman walls which years before had made the city into a Roman camp, and the towers rising above it, and their minds went back to the days when Cæsar and his conquering legions had possessed themselves of Britain. They followed the winding Dee for four and a half miles until they reached the grounds of Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster.

They received permission to ride slowly into the grounds and wound in and out the avenues of the gardens with their extensive greenhouses and terraces. Occasionally they caught sight of the mansion with its countless towers and turrets clear against the evening sky. When the girls expressed a desire to enter, they were told it was only allowed during certain hours of the day.

“Don’t be disappointed, Jean,” said Miss Hooper, “we may find time to-morrow to ride up again in one of the little river steamers, but

if we don't, we have all the rest of the summer to explore English castles. They're all pretty much alike, I imagine, and like cathedrals, too many of them become tiresome."

Leaving Eaton Hall and riding to the west, they came to Hawarden Castle, for a long time the residence of Mr. Gladstone, the great premier of England, standing in a picturesque park, which contains the ruins of an old castle. Here again they could ride through the Park but could not enter any of the buildings. But they were content to ride among the century-old limes and elms and see what time and care can produce in the way of trees and gardens.

The roads back to the city were in excellent condition and it took but a little while to reach the hotel. Good-byes had to be said for Mr. Atherton and the boys were to take early trains back to Liverpool to catch the London express. They agreed to meet as soon as possible at the American Express Company's rooms in London and Miss Hooper gave them her address in Russell Square in case they did not meet at the office. "Any-

way," said she in parting, "we'll be sure to see each other in the National Gallery, one always finds his American friends there."

The next day, Saturday, they spent in leisurely sight-seeing and rather missed their shipboard acquaintances. In the morning they walked the circuit of the "Walls" and viewed the city from the different vantage-points. At last reluctantly leaving the "Walls" behind they wandered down to the spot where poetry says once lived "The Miller of Dee."—In the afternoon they took the little steamer to Eccleston Ferry and walked up through the park to the old mansion which they entered by the stable-yard entrance. They found so much to interest them that they almost missed the last steamer down at five o'clock.

After dinner that evening as they were sitting in their room Jean exclaimed, "I think I've seen all I want to of Chester. It's beautiful, but I'm afraid we'll be lonesome here over Sunday with all our friends gone."

"Oh, I don't think so," answered Miss Hooper. "I am confident you'll be very glad

you stayed for I have a surprise for to-morrow. The Lord High Justice of England is to attend the morning service at the Cathedral and all Chester will turn out to do him homage. It may be the nearest look we shall have at royalty for he is to be attended with great pomp and ceremony. He comes to open the Assizes here. Chester, you know, is the capital of Cheshire and is the seat of a bishop as well. Don't you think that sounds interesting in addition to the fact that the Cathedral is one of the oldest and most beautiful in all England?"

"Yes, it does sound attractive, but what shall we do all the afternoon and evening?" asked Jean.

"Oh, I am sure there will be something pleasant; there always is, you know," answered Miss Hooper.

It was a little difficult to awaken the tired girls on Sunday morning for they were sleeping heavily, but when at last they were up and dressed they ate a hasty breakfast and started for the Cathedral for morning service at quarter past ten o'clock. In spite of their

efforts it was long after that time when they arrived and the Lord High Justice and his train had entered the church and been escorted to the very front. The great Cathedral was crowded and "the three" could not find seats together but were seated separately in the back. They could see little of the beauty and hear nothing of the service except the hymns in which they joined. Still they were impressed by the great size of the edifice and the hundreds of people worshipping together.

After a long time in which they heard not one word of the service Miss Hooper arose and motioned to the girls to follow her out of the church. Gaining the open air she said she had begun to feel faint in the close air inside and as none of them could hear or see she thought it better to be out of doors wandering round the grounds. And then when the service was ended they could hurry back to the entrance and see the departure of the high dignitary of the crown.

As they were walking slowly about they met a young lady apparently wandering as listlessly as they. All at once they stopped at

the same place to listen to a response from the choir that floated out through an open window. The spell of the music seemed to make them acquainted and they began speaking of the service. Gradually it came out that the young lady was the choir-master's daughter, but she had been unable to attend the service although she wished very much to see the Lord High Justice as he left the church. It did not take long for her to discover that the three strangers were Americans and in a strange place, so she quickly invited them for tea that afternoon at her home. It soon seemed as though they had always known each other, so interestedly they talked on one subject and another.

At last they heard the deep notes of the organ recessional and hastened to the entrance to take their places with the waiting hundreds. The royal coach, with its eight white horses and powdered and satin-liveried coachmen and footmen, was drawn up before the entrance and there were numberless post-riders behind and before on their prancing horses. Slowly, very slowly, the majestic procession filed out

and the Bishop of Chester and the dignitaries of the city escorted the honored guest in his satin robes and emblems of power to his waiting coach. Then after he and his attendants had entered, the door was closed, there was a flourish, and he was gone from sight and the people wended their humble way homeward, gladdened and perhaps saddened by the pomp of royalty.

As the newly made friend bade good-bye to "the three" she said, "Don't forget you have promised to take tea with us this afternoon at five o'clock. I will send our carriage to your hotel at four if you will kindly tell me where you are stopping."

When Miss Hooper told her it was the Hop Pole, they parted, she to join her father and brothers in the choir-loft, and the others to walk leisurely to their hotel.

"Wasn't she lovely?" said Jean. "Just my idea of a real English girl. How kind to invite us to her home. Think of taking tea in a real home instead of in a lonely old hotel."

"Do you remember I told you last night that something pleasant would happen to us

to-day? I am very thankful we are to have such hospitality extended to us for I am sure if the rest of the family are as charming as the eldest daughter it will be a pleasure to meet them."

A little after four o'clock a comfortable little carriage drew up before the Hop Pole and a servant, knocking on Miss Hooper's door announced that the carriage was for them. The two girls in their class-day gowns and hats and Miss Hooper in a white serge tailored suit and closely fitting black toque with white wings made a charming appearance as they stepped into the carriage. And as the old driver gave them a passing glance he muttered to himself, "Americans all right, and no mistake about that."

After they had ridden for about a mile the carriage stopped before a dainty little stone and plaster house, fairly covered with ivy and half buried in its shrubs and gardens. Over the evenly cut box hedge could be seen a merry group in their wicker chairs gathered round a tea-table. Their acquaintance of the morning hastened toward "the three" and made

them feel at home at once by putting her arm through Jean's and Elizabeth's, and leading them up to be introduced to her family. The father and mother, very young in appearance to be the parents of the four girls and the two boys, were charming, and welcomed them into their midst as they might have done life-long friends.

After tea was over they walked in the gardens and the girls saw for the first time what English rose-trees are like with their great pink, red and yellow roses. About six o'clock the father excused himself in order that he might be in time for the half-past six evening service at the Cathedral and inviting the others to accompany him he was delighted when Elizabeth and his eldest daughter, Louise, and the two boys who were in the choir, started off with him.

The evening was so deliciously cool and inviting that the others lingered in the garden to enjoy its beauty and fragrance. The time passed so quickly that before they realized it more than two hours had passed and the

choir-master and the young people returned and supper was announced. In spite of their protestations "the three" were prevailed upon to stay to the simple evening meal, prepared and served by the two oldest girls, who seemed to take real pleasure in waiting upon the others in order, as the mother afterward explained, that their one serving-maid might spend the rest of the day after dinner at her mother's home.

Later there was music in the tiny music room and the sweet, happy voices blended together in one song after another until at last, the wonderful twilight ending, they were obliged to light the candles. Then Miss Hooper insisted that they must return, and the old family carriage drew up to the door to drive them back to the hotel. "The three" said good-night and thanked the family for the happy time they had had in their home and expressed the wish that sometime they might meet again.

On the ride back to the Hop Pole "the three" were strangely silent, but once Jean

exclaimed, "What a beautiful home and family that was! It was almost as good as yours, Elizabeth."

"And almost as good as yours, I imagine," said Miss Hooper.

"No, Miss Hooper, we haven't a mother in ours, and that makes all the difference in the world."

CHAPTER VI

IN SHAKSPERE'S LAND

“O H,” said Elizabeth, as the swift-moving morning train bore “the three” from Chester to Stratford-on-Avon, “did you ever see such a mass of color as there is in these beautiful fields? What is it?”

“It is the scarlet poppy which is wild and grows very abundantly in England,” answered Miss Hooper. “It certainly is very beautiful against the green background and the waving grain.”

“Yes, it’s like good old California,” said Jean. “Only more of our poppies are yellow than red. We have miles and miles of them, too. Wait until you two visit us there next summer and I’ll show you sights to make you open your eyes right in your own country.”

“I know it’s true, Jean,” said Miss Hooper,

“and I mean to see more of the United States before I take another trip abroad. Now perhaps we had better get our things together, for we shall arrive in about ten minutes. Isn't it a relief to think we have only our suit-cases to bother with? I'm so glad I sent the trunks ahead to London. We'll drive to the hotel at once and after luncheon spend the rest of the day as you please.”

“What hotel do we stop at?” asked Elizabeth.

“At the Red Horse Inn,” said Miss Hooper. “It's a very old inn and famous because our own Washington Irving stayed there on his visit to the town when he wrote his delightful paper on Stratford-on-Avon for the ‘Sketch Book.’ We must try to read it aloud and a little from Shakspeare while we are here for the association's sake.”

Just then the train stopped. They alighted and were soon in a waiting cab and on their way to the inn. When they arrived they were cordially welcomed and shown to their room on second floor which looked down into the great courtyard, which was the first they had

seen. Their room was furnished with charming old-fashioned furniture; the walls were covered with faded paper which still showed picturesque shepherds and shepherdesses dancing on the village green; the only visible means of lighting the room were the candles in the tall dull brass candlesticks on the mahogany dresser, and there were two heavy cords suspended from the ceiling, with which to summon delinquent servants.

Jean could not resist the temptation to give one of them a vigorous pull and at the arrival of the neatly dressed waiting maid she asked for some water in spite of the fact that there already were three pitchers full awaiting them on the washstand. Then after the maid departed she exclaimed, "I wish it were night so I could light the candles. I never went to bed by candle-light before."

After they had changed their suits they went down into the large dining-room for luncheon and when that was finished they sought the Washington Irving room. Here they found the chair in which he sat when he wrote and the poker with which he is said to have

poked the fire for inspiration, and many other reminders of his eventful visit there. "Well," said Elizabeth, "it seems good here in an English town to find that an American author is as much appreciated as this. I had expected we should hear or see nothing but associations of Shakspeare."

"While that is true to a large extent, Elizabeth," said Miss Hooper, "there are a few other famous people connected with the town. Besides Irving there is Marie Corelli, the novelist, who has a beautiful home here and who has done a great deal in creating interest in the birthplace and life of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University. One of the oldest houses standing, which bears the date 1596 was the home of John Harvard's mother. Considering Jean's former interest in Harvard football games, perhaps she will enjoy seeing that as much as anything else."

"Indeed I should, Miss Hooper; and is there anything connected with Yale or Princeton? You know I'm not at all partial in my fondness for American universities."

"Well, as far as I know, there is nothing,

Jean. Now if you're ready we'll start for Shakspeare's House."

On their way down Henley Street Jean spied a sign in a little shop window to the effect that ice-cream was for sale. "Oh, Miss Hooper, please come over with me and have some ice-cream. I've been wanting some ever since we landed and this is the first I've seen. Doesn't it seem strange that the drug-stores over here have no soda fountains and ice-cream tables?"

"Perhaps they haven't forgotten the real purpose of a drug-store, as most American druggists seem to have done," answered Miss Hooper.

When they entered the little shop and Jean asked the clerk what kinds of ice-cream she had for sale, she received the answer, "Why — er — ice-cream, that's all."

"Well," said Jean with a smile, "we'll have three."

There was no place to sit down so they stood up by the counter to await the maid's return. When at last she appeared she bore upon a small platter three custard cups and

set them down on the counter before "the three." Receiving her money she disappeared, and Jean dipped her spoon into the ice-cream and took one mouthful. "Fooled again!" she exclaimed, "this is only a corn-starchy custard and warm at that. Not very refreshing for a hot day, is it? Don't you suppose we can ever get any real ice-cream? Next time I come over I think I'll bring a small freezer in my trunk to give these behind-the-times English a lesson in ice-cream making. I don't want any more of this, do you?"

"No," said Miss Hooper, "it isn't exactly my idea of refreshing ice-cream, but perhaps we shall find some later. Shakspeare's house is just below here on the other side of the street so let us visit that first."

After paying six pence apiece they were admitted to the old house where Shakspeare was born, which to-day is very similar to what it was in his day. The small chamber on the first floor facing the street was where the poet was born. On the windows and walls thousands of visitors have scratched their names and although later these were covered

with whitewash one can still discover the signatures of Thackeray, Kean, and Browning, and on the window those of Walter Scott and Carlyle. Back of this room is the kitchen and the Shakspeare Museum; and upstairs is the Library and the room containing the Stratford Portrait of Shakspeare. What pleased Jean most was the huge fireplace in the kitchen with its roughly carved settles inside where as a boy Shakspeare may have spent many a long winter evening gazing up at the starlit heavens. In the rear of the house is a garden containing all the trees and flowers mentioned in the plays.

Leaving the venerable birthplace, they went slowly out into the town again and saw where Shakspeare's daughter Judith lived, the old Harvard House, the town hall, and New Place, the splendid house which Shakspeare built after he returned from London and where he died, the Guild Hall where he may have seen the performances of the strolling players and had his first dreams of becoming an actor or playwright himself, and the Grammar School where he learned "little Latin and less Greek." As

they were wandering back to the hotel Elizabeth exclaimed, "See that beautiful house? Who do you suppose lives there? I never saw such flowers growing on the very front of the house before!"

Looking across the street they saw a large square stone house with innumerable windows on its façade. At each window was a large window-box filled to overflowing with pink petunias, blue ageratum and white geraniums with long trailing green vines below. So luxuriant was the growth and so brilliant the coloring that as one looked at it all one's first impression was that the façade was entirely covered with flowers and vines.

"It surely belongs to some one who loves flowers," said Jean, "I'm going to ask this young lady coming toward us who lives there. I'm anxious to know."

In her sweetest tones Jean asked the stranger who lived in the house and received a curt reply that it belonged to Marie Corelli and then the stranger passed on as though offended at being asked the simple question.

After they had gone a few steps Jean turned

round to take a last look at the house and to her amazement she saw the stranger enter the little gate at the side of the house and disappear in the back entrance. "Oh well," she said, "probably she's one of Marie Corelli's servants who resents being asked anything about her mistress. I was very anxious to see the novelist herself, but if that's the spirit of her household I guess it's just as well I didn't see any more of them for I might be tempted to show them too much of my American independence."

"But you mustn't draw conclusions too hastily, Jean," said Miss Hooper. "Probably these people get very tired of the continual questions they have to answer. Just think of the number of visitors who come here every year. I was reading only this morning that about thirty thousand people pay admission to Shakspeare's house annually. You couldn't blame the natives if they sometimes refused to answer questions, could you?"

"What is that tower we can just see from here?" asked Elizabeth.

"I think that must be the tower of Holy

Trinity, the church where Shakspeare is buried. We shall have just about time enough to go there before dinner if you like," said Miss Hooper.

So they left the busy center of the town and followed the road called Old Town until they came to the church charmingly situated amid dark spreading trees on the very bank of the Avon. As they walked up the ivy bordered stone walk they saw the little old sexton just locking the great doors, and closing the iron gates. "Oh, we're just too late," said Miss Hooper; "I had no idea it would be closed so early. But we can follow one of these lovely winding paths and watch the river flowing past."

"Why can't we ask the sexton for permission to go inside? Perhaps if we tell him how far we've come, he'll let us in for a little way, at least. He's coming right toward us now. I'm going to ask him, he can't any more than say no."

But the sexton kindly informed them that it was against the rules of the church to open the doors after five o'clock except for a spe-

cial service. However, there was to be a service early the next morning which they could attend, and after that they could spend as much time inside as they wished.

Thanking him they walked down one of the paths and found themselves close by the water's side. As they caught sight of the quiet water Jean exclaimed, "Oh, Miss Hooper, I have a plan. Couldn't we hire a boat somewhere and get something to eat at one of the stores and spend the evening on the river? I don't care anything about dinner at the hotel but I think it will be splendid in a boat down on that water. I'm disappointed a bit in the river, though. Isn't it narrow? Why, it looks more like a brook than a river. I don't believe it's very deep, either, so we couldn't drown if we did upset the boat. I can see a lot of boats down through the trees and I think there must be a landing there and a boat-house. There's something looks like one. May we go down and try, Miss Hooper? Oh, please say yes. Just think how romantic it will be to spend the evening rowing up and down the Avon.

I don't believe many tourists ever think of doing it, but I'd far rather than visit the Memorial Building as you planned."

With a smile Miss Hooper assented to Jean's plan and after walking for a long time they finally did come to a boat-house where they found they could hire a boat. Just as they were about to step into it Elizabeth exclaimed, "Why, Jean, we haven't any lunch. I think half the fun will be eating on the water."

"To be sure," answered Jean, "we'll go up to a store if this man will tell us the quickest way to get there, and buy what we see that pleases us most. Then we'll come back as quickly as possible and start off again."

On their way up to a baker's shop which the boatman had recommended to them they passed a grocery store and in one of the windows were some great red strawberries which caught Jean's eye.

"Oh, see those delicious strawberries. Just the thing. I thought they were all gone by. They are at home I know. The season must be much later here. How funny for

them to be in such big piles in the window instead of in boxes. Do you notice how much of the stem is left on? Well, I'm going in and buy some."

When the clerk came up to wait upon "the three" Jean said, "I'd like two boxes of strawberries."

"Why-er-Miss," said the clerk, "we don't sell them by the box."

"Very well," answered Jean, "I'll take two quarts then."

"But — er — we don't sell them by the quart; they're sixpence a pound."

"Oh, is that it," said Jean, laughing, "well, I'll take two pounds. And have you any cream?"

When the clerk brought a little earthenware jug holding half a pint of cream, Jean was delighted and exclaimed, "Oh, what a cunning little jug. I'll have three. They certainly are an improvement over our ugly cream bottles. I'm going to take mine home with me. Now we must have a little sugar and with the cakes we can buy at the baker's we'll have enough for a feast."

When the three stepped into the great flat-bottomed boat at the little landing they deposited their hats and bundles in one end and took their seats. Then Jean seized the oars, for she had agreed to do the rowing; but in a moment she said, "You'll have to help me, Beth. These are the heaviest oars I ever lifted in my life. I'll take one and row with both hands on this side, and you can sit beside me and take the other and row that side. Why, what is that man doing in that boat? I don't call that rowing."

"No, Miss," answered the boatman, "that's punting, but I don't advise you to try it if you don't know how. You'll get along much better the way you are. I don't believe you'll have any trouble if you're careful when boats pass you. The river's a wee bit narrow in places, so look out."

With this parting advice he pushed them off and they started slowly upstream. The two girls soon found the rowing easier and they moved smoothly along. There were many boats and punts all along the river propelled by young men in their bright striped

flannels and filled with gay picnicking parties. The girls did not stop rowing until they were nearly opposite the church but here they found a shady spot under a weeping willow and as no other of the picnic parties was near enough to interrupt their evening meal they decided to moor the boat and eat. In true rustic fashion they held the fresh berries in their fingers by the stems, which had evidently been left there for that purpose, and dipped them in the rich cream and the sugar and ate one after another with the little tea cakes they had bought until every one was gone. Then to break the silence which seemed to have fallen upon them Jean exclaimed, "I wonder what old Shakspeare would say if he could rise from his grave there in the church and look out of the window and see three Americans who have come to pay him their respects, eating strawberries and cakes on the river instead of paying sixpence admission at some of his numberless shrines. I should tell him that never in all my life have I enjoyed a meal more than I have this one under his very burial ground. I've often wondered what

some of these men would say if they could see how wonderfully famous they've become since their death, and what men will do for them now when they would hardly have given them a loaf of bread when they were alive."

"Very true, Jean, but it's one of the many things we can't understand. Suppose we turn the boat now and float downstream and we'll get some of that beautiful sunset. It's a little dark up here under the trees."

"All right, Miss Hooper, but I don't believe you like it so near to a burying-ground. It is a little gloomy, I admit. Isn't that water black just beyond that flat rock? I shouldn't like to fall in there."

"Why, just look!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "What is this coming up the river? I never saw anything like it in all my life."

The other two looked away from the black water beyond the church and downstream saw a large covered bark guided by a lithe, swarthy-complexioned youth in red and white striped flannels and a brilliant red cap on his head. As they drew nearer, Miss Hooper said, "It looks more like a Venetian gondola

than anything I have ever seen, but the velvety canopy suggests an Oriental boat. I can imagine Cleopatra sailing up and down the Nile in some such boat. But of all places in the world the Avon is the last I should expect to see anything like that. As it passes perhaps we can catch a glimpse of its occupant if there be one."

But as it passed them, much to their disappointment they saw that the heavy velvet curtains were closely drawn and the occupant, if there were one, hidden from the gaze of curious sight-seers.

"Speaking of Shakspeare," said Elizabeth, "if he should come to life as you suggested just now and gaze out of yonder window he might think he were in Venice instead of in quiet Stratford. But what do you suppose that boat was doing here? I'm very curious and I hope if we ask the boatman at the landing he can tell us about it."

"Good idea, Beth; you can ask him. But I'm not ready to land just yet. I want to stay out here as long as we can see. We'll go down near the boat-house and then it will be

easy to land and perhaps before long that gondola will come back and we may see some Oriental princess alight."

Although they waited a long time in the falling twilight the gondola did not return so as they stepped out of their boat at the landing Elizabeth asked the boatman for an explanation. "Oh," he laughed, "so you saw our gondola, did you? Well, it belongs to Marie Corelli. She had it brought here from Venice and the gondolier as well. Every pleasant afternoon about five o'clock she goes out for an airing, but you probably just missed her to-day as she went downstream and you went up. She has a boat-house a little above the church and her gondolier was probably taking his craft up there as he passed you. Too bad you missed seeing her. Perhaps if you try it again to-morrow afternoon you may have better luck."

"I'm afraid we haven't time, but we thank you for the information," said Elizabeth.

And then "the three" hurried back to the hotel, but before going to their rooms they sought the inn-keeper's wife to give her an

explanation of their non-appearance at dinner, and to ask that they might have coffee and rolls sent to their room early in the morning as they wished to attend seven o'clock service at the church. As they started down the long hallway they met a maid who gave them lighted candles to carry to their rooms and then bowing and saying only "Good-night," she disappeared.

"Well," said Elizabeth, as they were ready to get into bed, "I'm very sleepy, but I almost hate to go to bed for fear I'll dream of burying-grounds and walking candle-sticks and Venetian gondolas all mixed up together. If you hear me scream in the night you'll know it's only an attack of nightmare, so just shake me, please, until I wake up," and she blew out her candle and was soon sleeping peacefully.

Several firm but quiet knocks awoke them in the morning and upon opening the door they found a maid with rolls and coffee and the startling information that it was half after five o'clock. It was so light they could scarcely believe it was so early but when

they were told that light comes before three in the morning they were more reconciled. As they left the Inn they heard not a sound nor saw a single person and out on the streets it was the same. It seemed as though the whole town were asleep and they the only ones abroad.

"Do you suppose the maid was mistaken and called us an hour earlier than was necessary?" asked Elizabeth.

"No," replied Miss Hooper, "I'm sure my watch is right and it said half after six when we started. Probably people take their time in rising, for there's no business here except sight-seeing, and one generally doesn't care to do that early in the morning."

When they arrived at the church it was the same as on the streets, they saw no one but finding the doors wide open they entered. Again no one in sight, but hearing a voice reading the morning service they walked slowly down the main aisle until they reached the Lady Chapel, or the Clopton Chapel as it is sometimes called, at the right, and saw in the pulpit the rector reading from his prayer-

book. Before him were the communicants, two in number, a pale-faced woman in widow's weeds, and an old bent man sitting close up against the wall. "The three" slipped quietly into the last row of seats and listened to the service. It was very short and soon they were at liberty to wander over the church.

The chief thing of interest was Shakspeare's grave on the north side of the chancel covered with a slab bearing the inscription.

"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed heare;
Blese be ye man yt spares these stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Close by were the tombs of his wife and one of his daughters and some of her family and a few noted Englishmen. They looked with interest at the font in which Shakspeare was christened, and at the register containing the entries of his baptism and funeral. As they were about to leave the church Elizabeth exclaimed, "I don't see how any one can doubt that William Shakspeare lived and wrote all the plays credited to him. Why this church alone is evidence to me even if I never saw another

thing. There's a certain convincing something here that makes one positive that it is the final resting-place of the greatest poet England ever had. How can any one, finding him here so honored by the church doubt his reality and greatness? And think of all the generations that have revered him! If there had been any deception or real doubt about his greatness it surely would have been discovered long ago." The others agreed and fell to discussing his genius on their way back to the hotel.

After lunch Miss Hooper proposed a visit to Anne Hathaway's cottage and asked the girls whether they preferred being driven there or walking through the lanes to Shottery, by the very way Shakspeare had gone so many times to court Anne Hathaway. The latter plan pleased them most, and soon they were walking across the flowery fields separated from one another by the hawthorn and wild-rose hedges. They stopped now and then at the narrow turnstiles and romantically wondered how many times the lovers had lingered there for reluctant good-byes.

After a mile or so they reached the little village of Shottery with its thatch-roofed cottages and close growing gardens. Without asking the way they wandered on anxious to discover for themselves by following the few signboards and their own intuition. At last just ahead of them, a little way down the street they caught sight of a dear little thatch-roofed cottage which they decided must be the one. Approaching it they soon discovered their mistake for although it was a fit dwelling place for Anne Hathaway or any of her Shottery friends it did not resemble the mental pictures they had already made of her home. But the side and front of the house were completely covered with climbing pink and red roses in full bloom.

"Oh," cried Elizabeth, "I must have a picture of these wonderful roses climbing up over the house. I wonder if I dare go up in the yard to take one. Why, there's an old lady out in the garden. I'm going to ask her if I may take the picture from there."

The old lady was very willing that the girls should take as many pictures as they wished,

and invited them out into the garden to help themselves to the last of her strawberries. Then she filled their arms with roses from her rose garden in the rear of the house and insisted that they just step into her house a minute for she had something to show them every bit as good as anything they would find in Anne Hathaway's cottage.

On entering the house they found an interior with indications of age as great as any they had yet seen and quite as interesting. The old lady led them from one thing to another but with great glee kept her real treasure until the last. Stepping down into a room a little lower than the one they had entered she showed them walls covered with choicest tapestries and rugs made by some blind girls who lived with her and were taught to do this work. Just then they were not there having been sent to the seashore for a few weeks by a wealthy woman of the town, but she expected them back in August and she was planning a wonderful piece of tapestry which had just been ordered by the Queen.

"Think of it!" she said. "My little blind

girls are to do a piece of work which will hang in Buckingham Palace. How pleased they will be to hear about it. I haven't written them, for I want to keep it as a surprise if I can. I wish I might earn more to help them. Sometimes it's pretty hard pulling for us. I would like to rent this cottage to some Americans for next summer and then we could all go away together somewhere. Do you know of any one who would like it?"

"Why yes," said Jean, "perhaps we'll take it." Then looking at the startled faces of the other two she added, "Oh, we can't take it next summer for we're going to spend that in California, but maybe the year after we can. Anyway, we'll keep it in mind and tell our friends about it. I should dearly love to spend the afternoon with you but if we do we won't see much of Anne Hathaway's cottage and that's what we really came to see, you know."

"It's just round the next corner, dears," said the little old lady, "but before you go I want to give you some of these post-cards with a picture of one of my blind girls weav-

ing. Our address is on it so you can't forget us. Maybe some time you'll send us just a line from America."

"Indeed we will," called back "the three" as they stepped out into the narrow street again.

They found Anne Hathaway's cottage all that they expected, and after they had explored the quaint little rooms they went out in the garden to take some more pictures. "Wait one minute, Elizabeth," said Jean as they were on the point of snapping the house, "I want to ask that young caretaker if I may borrow her knitting and if she's willing I'm going to take your picture up on the settle by the door. Won't that be original to have a picture of you knitting as Anne used to do as she sat waiting for William to come in sight across the fields? Oh, am I right, Miss Hooper, in imagining Anne knitting? I don't remember whether proper young ladies of Shakspeare's time knitted or not."

"Yes, so far as I know they did, and I'm sure the young lady will be willing to help you if you ask her tactfully."

Jean must have used plenty of tact for she soon returned with the knitting which she placed in Elizabeth's hands preparatory to taking her picture. The young caretaker lingered in the shadow of the doorway as if wondering what American young ladies would want to do next, and without saying anything to her Jean got her in the picture, too. After the pictures were taken and the knitting returned with a generous reward for its loan "the three" started for their homeward walk. They intended to go by the old tapestry-maker's cottage to wave her a last good-bye, but in some way they turned the wrong corner and found themselves in another street. Wandering down this way they came to a swinging sign which held them fascinated by its attractive name, "Silver Cockle Tea-Room."

"Oh, let's have some tea; if it's as nice as the name of the tea-room it will be worth stopping for," said Jean.

They turned the little stile under the swinging sign and found themselves on a narrow path which led down through tall waving grass thick with poppies and larkspur. Fi-

nally, away down the path, almost out of sight of the road they found two little tables with low chairs beside them. These looked so inviting there among the nodding grass and flowers that they sat down and waited. No one came to serve them and finally Jean noticed a little silver bell on the farther table and she tinkled it several times. Then a girl of about sixteen years of age came toward them bringing three cups of tea and cream and sugar.

"If you care for cakes, you may come to the cake-room and choose them for yourselves," she said, after she had deposited the delicate china cups on the table.

Following her, "the three" found themselves in a little summer-house filled with silver cockle shells. Several counters were laden with cakes of many varieties but the majority were in the shape of shells. Leaving the guests to choose what they wished the young girl disappeared in the house near by and only appeared again as the three were about to depart. When they asked her how much their bill would be she said it depended upon how

many cakes they had eaten. They were two-pence apiece and the tea the same and she would let them make out the bill. Laughing at her way of doing business Jean reckoned what they owed her and added enough more to make it seem worth while. This pleased the young girl so much that she could not keep back the tears as she thanked Jean and added in a burst of confidence that her older sister and herself were trying to earn enough money by their tea-room during the summer to send their mother to a hospital for an operation which the doctor said she very much needed. The father was dead and the two girls were all that were left of a large family to help the mother. She said they had done very well so far, but few people knew of their tea-room because it was a little out of the way.

"Oh," said Jean, "we'll send every one we meet here to have some of your delicious tea and cakes."

After "the three" had reached the street Jean left the other two a moment and ran back to where the young English girl was still standing. Quickly she put into her trembling

hands her silver change bag which she told her was to be hers to use as she pleased. It was only that morning that Jean had cashed one of her largest express money orders and she knew the contents of the bag would help a good deal toward a certain operation in the fall.

When she joined Elizabeth and Miss Hooper they asked her why she had gone back and with tears in her eyes she said, "Oh, I pitied that little girl so much I wanted to say good-bye again."

And although one of the two noticed that Jean's silver bag was gone she said nothing about it but smiled inwardly at the girl's impulsive generosity.

CHAPTER VII

UP TO LONDON

“WELL! I call this some style,” said Jean the next morning as “the three” stood at the hotel door and watched the equipage, which they had hired for the day to drive them to Leamington where they were to take the train for Oxford, come out of the courtyard and draw up before them. The old Victoria looked as though it might have carried Washington Irving in his day, or even Shakspeare for that matter, and the horses, too, bore signs of age, but the sprightly coachman on his high box-seat in his rusty black suit and silk hat was the very embodiment of youth, as with a flourish of his whip and a sweeping circle of his tall hat he motioned to “the three” to seat themselves that he might be off.

As they started down the steps with But-

tons behind them carrying a heavy suit-case in each hand Jean whispered to Miss Hooper, "That old carriage may be perfectly safe, but it doesn't look as though it could carry our suit-cases, to say nothing of three husky passengers."

But Miss Hooper reassuringly replied, "I admit, Jean, it does look a little faded and worn but I am quite sure it is all right or Mrs. Whitelaw would never have recommended it to us as one of her best."

"Well, all I've got to say is, if that's her best, I shouldn't care to hire one of her worst."

The cases were put up beside the driver, Miss Hooper and Elizabeth took their places and Jean sat opposite them; then with a crack of the whip and a creak of the springs they were off and away on the dusty road which followed the winding Avon through an ever-picturesque country. Their first stop was to be made at Kenilworth, after about an eight-mile ride, and the remaining two miles to Leamington contained many interesting places which they intended to visit. The ride was

not at all monotonous for their very loquacious driver persisted in pointing out one thing after another, which had something of interest connected with it, until their poor necks ached so from turning first to the left and then to the right, and their throats grew so tired answering, "Oh, indeed, is it possible? How interesting! Thank you so much for telling us," that finally Jean leaned over to the others and whispered loud enough for him to hear, "Oh, can't you stop him for five minutes? He's just spoiling the whole ride. I'll get out and walk if he doesn't stop soon."

But Jean was obliged to get out and walk much quicker than she had anticipated, for just then, as if in answer to her entreaty, Fate in the guise of a newspaper, rolled across the street, frightened the hitherto trusty steeds, so that they gave one terrific plunge forward and shaking themselves free speedily departed with the flying traces, leaving the bewildered driver lying in the middle of the road, having dropped the reins only when threatened with complete destruction. For a moment after the shock the carriage wavered and tottered

as though not certain what to do, but to the relief and joy of the frightened occupants it gave one final shudder and, righting itself, stood as though nothing had happened.

As quickly as possible "the three" hastened to the prostrate coachman who lay so still in the road that they wondered whether he were dead or alive. Jean reached him first and with faltering voice asked him if he were hurt. Rubbing first his tousled head and then his shoulder he answered, "No, Miss, and I was just about to show you the tower of —"

"Never mind showing us any tower, sir, it would be much more to the point if you showed us your runaway horses. How do you think we shall ever reach Leamington to-day?"

The tone of Jean's voice and the expression on her face brought the man back to his senses and he hastily arose and gazed down the road at his rapidly disappearing treasures. "Oh," he said, "it'll not take me long to catch them. You sit here in the shade of these trees and I'll be back for you before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' There's plenty of interesting sights to take up your time, now there's —"

"Don't tell us about another single thing to-day. Please hurry after your horses and we'll wait here," interrupted Jean again.

Shaking the dust from his clothes he started on a run down the road leaving "the three" standing disconsolate opposite the horseless carriage. They might have said "Jack Robinson" hundreds of times before he put in his appearance again. As it was, they sat in the shade of the trees until they became so cramped that they had to walk up and down the road for exercise. Gay tally-hos crowded with tourists passed them in both directions and waved good-naturedly as they saw their dilemma or stopped to offer them a lift. By noon it grew very hot; there seemed to be no breeze anywhere and they were very hungry and thirsty and strangely silent. But finally, as if she could stand it no longer, Jean burst out, "Oh, why doesn't that wretched man come back? I'd walk the whole distance to Leamington if it wasn't for those heavy suitcases. If he doesn't show up soon we'll have to make some kind of a move or we'll be here for the rest of the summer. I think we'd

better accept the very next invitation we have to ride, no matter which way they're going. Anything will be better than this wearisome waiting."

Just then as she looked down the road by which they had come, she caught sight of an automobile rapidly approaching them. "We're saved, we're saved," she cried. "Let's stand on either side of our royal coach and barricade the road and hold up yonder deliverer and beat him within an inch of his life unless he promises to convey us to our destination."

But before any definite plans could be made for the hold-up the big red touring-car slowly drew up before them and an elderly gentleman in the back seat politely raised his hat and addressing Miss Hooper asked if he could be of any assistance. When she had explained the situation he said that he and his wife, who sat beside him, and his nephew, who was his chauffeur, had been spending a few days with relatives in Stratford-on-Avon and were returning to their home in Oxford. They would be very glad to carry them and



AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN POLITELY RAISED HIS HAT.—*Page 148.*

their suit-cases with them and show them the places of interest along the way, with which they were very familiar.

No one could possibly have resisted the charming hospitality of the old English gentleman, and Miss Hooper readily accepted the invitation and consented to the young man's placing the suit-cases on the rack at the rear of the car after assisting her and the two girls into the seats near his uncle and aunt. Fortunately Mrs. Faringdon, as the elderly lady was called, had a box of sandwiches and fruit which her sister had given her just as they were starting away and these she offered to the half-famished girls. With hunger appeased and their faces cooled by the fresh breezes, their usual good-nature returned and soon they were laughing gaily over the accident of the morning although they kept a sharp lookout for the missing coachman. But not a sign of him did they see and for all they ever knew his horses might have dashed into the English Channel with him after them in mad pursuit.

It did not take long for the swift-moving

automobile to reach Kenilworth Castle and here the whole party alighted and spent a delightful half-hour roaming among the ruins. Sheep grazed peacefully on the grounds where years before the splendid pageants for "Good Queen Bess" had come and gone; and deep red wild roses still bloomed in neglected gardens on the very bushes, perhaps, which had once yielded up their beauty and fragrance for poor Amy Robsart; heaped up stone, grass grown foundations, and broken arches, were all that remained of that once splendid castle which saw so many momentous periods in English history. Lingering longest at what is called Amy Robsart's tower they recalled the sad story of her untimely death and they dropped some of the red roses they had picked in the gardens at her shrine.

On the way down to the waiting automobile Jean stopped to take a picture of some sheep and Don Faringdon, as the young chauffeur was called, stayed behind to help her. They became good friends at once and by the time they had caught up with the others Jean had promised to sit on the front seat in order that

she might be shown the interesting things along the way. For some reason or other Jean seemed to have forgotten her very recent aversion to running comments on the scenery and now accepted with alacrity the opportunity for more information.

As the car started off again Mr. Faringdon gave the order to go direct to Warwick Castle but his wife exclaimed, "Why, John, is it possible you have forgotten what, in my estimation, is the most interesting thing from Stratford to Leamington? Surely they must see Guy's Cliff, even if they don't have time for some of the other things."

"By all means," replied Mr. Faringdon, "I confess I had forgotten all about it, but then, I don't go in for romance to the extent that you do, my dear."

"I must admit," said Miss Hooper, "that I know nothing about Guy's Cliff and had not planned to stop there. Perhaps you will tell us about it, Mrs. Faringdon."

"I shall be very glad to, for I think it is one of the most beautiful spots you will find in all England and then one always enjoys

visiting historic places so much more when one knows something about their traditions.

“At the present time Guy’s Cliff is the seat of Lord Percy but it originally derived its name from Guy, Earl of Warwick, whom legend says slew the Dun Cow and other terrible monsters. After performing these feats he went to the Holy Land and when he returned as an anchorite he lived in a cave on the river just a little below his house. His identity was known to no one and daily he received alms from his wife, the Countess Felice, who did not recognize her husband in this disguise. So the days went by and not until his death did the earl reveal himself. His only request was that he might be buried in the cave and this was granted. Soon after the beautiful countess mourned her life away and was placed beside her husband. Near by is a small chapel erected in their memory and a rude statue of Guy. The grounds and house are open to visitors during the absence of the present owner and just now the family are in London for the season so we can spend as much time there as we please. I always

insist that we stop here whenever we go over the road and although we go very often I always find just as much to interest me as I did the first time I visited it."

"It certainly sounds most attractive," answered Miss Hooper; "those are just the places I like best to visit. Castles and cathedrals are all very well in their way, but it's a real pleasure to find something personal like this that has escaped Baedeker and the guide-books."

They found Guy's Cliff all that Mrs. Far-
ingdon had described it, and nothing would do but Jean and Elizabeth and the chauffeur must creep into the dark gloomy cave and explore its threatening depths. But they were very glad to get out in the sunshine again and Elizabeth looked so pale that the others declared she must have seen the ghost of old Sir Guy himself.

From Guy's Cliff it was but a short run to Warwick Castle and as automobiles are not allowed in the grounds Mr. and Mrs. Far-
ingdon suggested that they stay outside in the car while Don showed the others the grounds

and the old Saxon castle dating back to feudal days.

Leaving the porter's lodge they walked up an avenue cut in the solid rock and soon reached the Center Court with Cæsar's Tower, which was built soon after the Norman Conquest, and Guy's Tower. Passing through the double gateway between the towers they found themselves in the Inner Court with the most beautiful, velvety, green grass. As they were hurrying through the main rooms of the castle Jean overheard some one ahead of her say that the best thing about the whole place was the wonderful view from the top of Guy's Tower but unfortunately it was not open every day to the public. This was enough to make Jean want to climb the tower and she declared she didn't care about seeing any more paintings or swords or helmets but she did want to climb the tower. Elizabeth was intensely interested in the interior through which they were passing and was perfectly willing to remain there with Miss Hooper while Jean and Don went out to see what success they would have in getting into the tower.

Sure enough, when they reached the tower they found its entrance closed and locked but they were not discouraged and began to walk toward a man approaching them, whom they took, from his appearance, to be a gardener. Encouraged by the pleasant expression on his face Don spoke to him and told him what they wanted to do and then asked if there was any possible way they could enter the tower.

With a smile he replied, "The tower is regularly closed on Wednesdays, but I think perhaps I can get permission for you to go up to-day. If you'll wait here I'll do my best for you and return as soon as I can."

Hardly was he out of hearing before Jean exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Faringdon, he can't be a gardener in spite of his poor-looking clothes. Did you notice his voice and his perfect English? Who do you suppose he is? Perhaps we ought not to have spoken to him. Here he is coming back and he's swinging some enormous keys on his fingers."

"It's all right," said the stranger, "you can go up to-day and I'll go with you if you like for it's a bit dark and narrow if you're not

accustomed to it." Then with a laugh he added over his shoulder, as he unlocked the great door, "And then, too, it's said to be haunted, you know."

"Oh, I don't mind ghosts," said Jean, "I've had lots of experience with them." And she followed him inside.

It was decided that the stranger should go first and then Jean and finally Don. When they had climbed about fifty feet there was a shrill, piercing cry and Jean clutched fiercely at the stranger ahead of her and whispered hoarsely, "What was that awful noise? Oh, there it is again."

But the stranger laughed as he answered, "I told you the tower was haunted; perhaps it's only ghosts up above us or down in the dungeon below. However, keep up your courage and when we reach the top I'll show you the ghosts."

Fortunately the sounds were not repeated and by the time they reached the top Jean had recovered her composure. The view of the surrounding country which met their astonished gaze more than repaid any unpleas-

antness that they had experienced in reaching the top but Jean could not forget, even for a moment, the strange sounds which had frightened her so and the first thing she said was, "Now that we are safely up here, please tell me where the ghosts are."

Then with a smile the stranger pointed to a wall just beyond the Inner Court and said, "Do you see those peacocks sunning themselves on the wall? They and those all about the grounds are the ghosts you thought you heard. Perhaps one of them will call again for your special pleasure. It will not sound the same here as it did down in the tower for there seems to be a strange echo there."

And, then as if in answer to his words, one of the largest of the birds spread out its glorious plumage and uttered its shrill, rasping call, so incongruous with its beauty, and so trying to one's nerves.

"Well," said Jean, "I have never seen peacocks before and they surely are the most beautifully colored birds there are, but I'm glad I don't have to sleep where I'd hear them every night, I'd surely dream of ghosts then."

"Oh, you'd become used to them, I never think of them at all."

After they had seen all they wished to they descended by the same way they had come but this time without incident and at the foot of the tower the stranger said good-bye and left them to seek their friends.

When they found Elizabeth and Miss Hooper just leaving the Conservatory where they had been looking at the "Warwick Vase" found in Hadrian's Villa at Tiroli, Jean exclaimed, "Oh, you've missed the most exciting adventure yet. We've been up in the Tower and some one of the Earl's family took us up and told us all about it."

"Who was it?" asked Miss Hooper.

"Oh, I don't know," said Jean, "but I'm perfectly sure it was some prince or other wandering round the grounds in disguise," and on the way back to the waiting automobile she told the others the details of the adventure.

It developed on the ride up to Oxford that Donald Faringdon was a student at Christ College and lived with his uncle and aunt in

the city. When Miss Hooper mentioned the hotel at which she intended to stop he suggested that they go instead to a small boarding-house near the college kept by a cousin of his mother for students during the winter, but practically deserted in the summer. He assured them they would find things very comfortable and homey there and they would be near the home of the Faringdons to which they were invited to come as often as possible. And much to the delight of one member of the party at least, Mr. Faringdon placed his automobile and chauffeur at their disposal as long as they remained in the city.

Miss Hooper was delighted with the suggestion and they were taken to Mrs. Sherwood's house to see if they could be accommodated there. It happened that some Americans had left that very afternoon and so there was plenty of room for Miss Hooper's party. As the three left their newly-made friends at Mrs. Sherwood's gate they thanked them for all that had been done for them during the day and pleaded to be excused from automobiling that evening as was suggested, but

promised to be ready in the morning for a ride round the city and their first view of the colleges.

They found Mrs. Sherwood and her house charming, and although their rooms were on the third floor they were cool and commanded an excellent view of the city. When they went down to dinner they met their landlady's two charming daughters, one of whom was to wait on the table that evening for she explained that she and her sister took turns performing this little duty. There were two gentlemen who came in shortly after they were seated and to their great astonishment they discovered that one was Professor Weymouth, who sat at the head of their table on the *Adriatic* and who they supposed was going to Germany to study; the other was a young Austrian taking a summer course at the University and who apparently spoke no English but he bowed graciously as he was introduced to the Americans. During the meal he took no part in the conversation and scarcely raised his eyes from his food except to steal an occasional glance at the pretty daughter of

the house who waited on him. He left the table before the others had finished and went out into the garden but by the time the others arrived there he had disappeared.

After breakfast the next morning Don came with the automobile to take them to the colleges and they spent until noon visiting one after another of the ancient halls of learning. Just as they were leaving Merton College Jean caught sight of the young Austrian and started to tell Don about him.

"Oh, that's Rudolph Meistenburg. He's over from Austria, taking a course at Merton. I've known him for some time and he's a fine fellow in spite of the fact that it's difficult to understand him. He thinks his English is very poor and he won't try to talk it much, but he speaks French and German fluently. I believe he's specializing in history. I'll ask him over if you would care to meet him, and we can take him back with us to the house in the machine."

The young fellow seemed very glad to join them and although he was very reticent about answering in English they managed to keep

up a spirited tri-cornered conversation in French, German, and English. When Don left them he invited the two girls and the Austrian to go punting on the river that evening in the moonlight.

In the afternoon Miss Hooper had a headache and preferred lying down to shopping with the girls, so they started out alone with full directions from the Sherwoods for finding their way around the city. In one of the shop windows Jean saw a white embroidered muslin which took her fancy and she went in and purchased it. Finding after a fitting that it needed a few simple alterations she decided to wait until it was ready and carry it back with her. However, she insisted that Elizabeth should go out on the street to finish her sight-seeing and come back after her in about an hour.

But before that time Elizabeth came hurrying into the back of the store where Jean sat patiently waiting and said in an excited voice, "Oh, Jean, I've found a place where they sell coffee ice-cream and you can have some of the real thing at last. It's just down the

street a little way on the other side. Is your dress nearly ready?"

"I don't believe so; but I'll tell the clerk we're going out a little while and will return later for the dress. It surely will be ready by that time. I feel just like ice-cream this very minute."

The two girls quickly left the store and Elizabeth guided Jean to a teashop and pausing before a window pointed proudly to a sign hanging in the window which read "*Cafè Glacè*." "There it is," she said, "coffee ice-cream, just as I told you."

"You're right," said Jean, "and I verily believe I can eat three of them. I'm nearly starved for something of the kind."

When they entered the shop they sat down at a little table nearest the entrance and gave the order for two *café glacés* to the clerk who waited upon them. She was such a long time in returning with the order that they had plenty of time to observe what was going on in the rest of the shop. Down in the lower end were quite a group of men all drinking tea and eating cakes and chatting quite as

merrily as any group of women would have done. Jean could not understand how they could be away from business in the afternoon and she thought it very silly of them to be wasting valuable time in tea-drinking. She was a little tired and hot and amused at the novel sight of men drinking afternoon tea and the longer she waited for her own ice-cream the more amusing the scene became. Never drinking tea or coffee herself, the idea of others enjoying it to such an extent as this made her laugh and the more she and Elizabeth talked of it, the more she laughed. For no accountable reason at all except perhaps that one often laughs at nothing and at the wrong time.

She had just about made up her mind to ask the clerk if their order had been forgotten when she saw her approaching them. She put down on the table before them two tall thin glasses with straws protruding and then left them to enjoy the contents. Jean took one look and laughing so that she could hardly control herself she said, "What is this mixture? It is surely the strangest coffee ice-

cream I ever saw.” One mouthful informed her that it was iced coffee, which she detested.

Instead of being angry the whole affair struck her as being very amusing and she laughed until the tears rolled down her face. “Oh, Elizabeth,” she said, “what do you suppose Mlle. Franchant would say to our French? Of course *café glacé* means iced coffee instead of coffee ice-cream. I’m glad you made the discovery and not I. I’m ashamed to laugh so, but positively I cannot stop. Let’s go out as quickly as we can. You pay the bill and I’ll settle with you later. I’ll wait for you on the sidewalk. I simply couldn’t look those girls in the face without disgracing myself more than I’ve already done.”

She hurriedly left the store with the wondering clerks gazing after her, and Elizabeth felt so embarrassed that she had to tell one of them the joke although it didn’t seem to be appreciated as much as she expected it would be. She joined Jean and they hurried to the store and found the dress ready for them.

At supper that evening the two girls were

greatly surprised to hear the young Austrian say, "Excuse me, but did ze young ladies enjoy ze tea this afternoon? Was it very funny?" And although they had agreed to keep the little joke on them to themselves they now felt obliged to explain it to the others. At first they could not understand how Mr. Meistenburg knew anything about it but he explained later that he had been drinking tea with some friends, but was so far back in a corner that they probably had not noticed him.

The four young people spent the evening on the river and Jean saw for the first time how difficult punting was, and she decided on the spot that she would not attempt to substitute it at college for either rowing or canoeing. The next morning Don took them all over to Cambridge to see the sister university and while they admired the beautiful lawns and avenues behind the college buildings, the colleges themselves and the river Cam, they decided Oxford was the more interesting and Elizabeth expressed a desire to take her advanced work in history there.

It was decided that they should go up to

London the next morning by train, although the Faringdon automobile was at their disposal. But they accepted the offer to be carried from the house to the railway station in it. For some reason the auto was very late in arriving and they had barely time to make the distance. When they were about half way there Jean exclaimed, "Oh, I've forgotten my camera and my pocketbook and the three umbrellas. I must have left them on that old-fashioned chair in the hall at Mrs. Sherwoods. I've simply got to have them. We'll have to go back even if we do miss the train."

They went back and recovered the lost articles and then dashed for the train, but it was too late for it was just disappearing from view.

"It's all my fault, I know," wailed Jean, "but I can't remember everything. I'm dreadfully sorry."

"Never mind," said the young chauffeur, "I'm dreadfully glad, for now you'll have to let me carry you all up to London in the machine. We'll be there much quicker than if you waited for the noon train. Pile in, people, and we'll away."

CHAPTER VIII

DAYS IN LONDON

“CABOT,—Jean Cabot,” said Jean expectantly to the young clerk who asked her name as she stood at the post office window at the American Express Company’s office. She watched him anxiously as he ran through the letters but when he returned to the window and handed her only one letter postmarked “London,” she looked at him incredulously.

“Is — is that all?” she stammered. “Why there must be some from America. Would you mind looking again?”

But a second search on the part of the clerk brought no better results and it was a very disappointed girl that joined Elizabeth and Miss Hooper at one of the desks where they sat looking through their generous supply of letters. “I can’t understand it at all,” she

said. "I know father and the boys and Bess and Nan must have written. They promised they would and they always keep their promises. I don't know what to do about it, I feel so badly. Here I've been keeping up my courage for two whole weeks with the thought that I'd have a letter from Dad as soon as I reached London. I'm almost tempted to cable him and see if anything is the matter."

"Don't worry, Jean," said Miss Hooper. "I'm sure nothing serious has happened. There are mail steamers arriving every day or so, and I haven't a doubt but that you will have more letters to-morrow or next day. You have one, haven't you?"

"Yes." And after Jean tore open the envelope and looked at the signature she exclaimed, "It's from Mr. Atherton. Won't it seem good to see him again? He promised to show us round London and introduce us to some of his English friends."

She began reading the letter but soon burst out, "Well, what do you think! Mr. Atherton has been obliged to leave London sooner than he expected in order to meet a business

engagement in Paris. He says he's awfully sorry to miss us for he has been anticipating giving us a good time. However, Jack and Bob are still here and he has been coaching them up on all the good things and feels proud to leave them as his official substitutes. He hopes he'll run across us later on but as yet his plans are not very definite.

"Well, I'm disappointed again. Disappointments go by threes, they say. I've already had two this morning so I'll have to be on the lookout for the third. You two seem so interested in your letters I think I'll leave you and go over to the desk and make one more attempt to find my letters."

When she returned she tried to smile but it was very hard work. "It's come, another disappointment. I told you they always go in threes."

"What is it, Jean?" asked Elizabeth. "You look as though you'd lost your last friend. We're still left, even if all the others have deserted you."

"Oh, but they haven't deserted me, that's the most provoking part. This time I went

up to another clerk and asked for my mail and as he was repeating my name an older man seated at a desk came up and said, 'Why! Are you Miss Jean Cabot? We had several letters for you but we forwarded them only yesterday to Italy to a Miss Jean Cabot who is traveling with one of Cook's parties which left London two weeks ago. Probably, when she finds out they are not for her, she will return them very soon and we'll see that you get them all right.'

"Isn't that the strangest thing! I had no idea there was another Jean Cabot in the whole world. I'd like to meet her and see how we compare in other respects. But most of all I'd like to get my letters."

"Indeed it is very irritating," said Miss Hooper, "but speaking of Cook's reminds me that I would like to go up to their office as soon as possible to see what can be done about tickets for the rest of the trip. Suppose we walk up there now."

Just as they were leaving the office they met Bob Bowker and Jack Raymond. "Well," said Jack, "it does seem good to see you

again. Have you registered at the desk? We've been here every day to see if we could find your names, but nothing doing. We've seen stacks of the people that came over on the *Adriatic*. Everywhere we go we see some one we know. For all London is so large, every one goes to about the same places."

"We've only just come," said Jean. "We motored up from Oxford. Isn't it a shame Mr. Atherton couldn't stay until after we arrived? But then if we can't have him to show us around we've got a very good substitute to offer, for we met a fine young Oxford fellow who knows London well. He lived here most of his life. He's promised to come up often while we are here and take us out to see the sights. You'll both like him immensely and then as you are going to Oxford next year it will be fine to know some one there. I've quite lost my heart to him. He has only one fault that I've discovered so far and that is he's very forgetful. I think I never saw any one quite as much so as he. Perhaps it's absent-mindedness, I haven't decided yet."

"Under those circumstances, perhaps you

won't need us round then, Miss Cabot," said Bob a little dejectedly. "We're only a few more days here, anyway."

"Why, Bob Bowker, what are you saying? Of course we want you. The more the merrier. As though one could ever have too many friends. We seem to be blocking up the sidewalk here so I think we'd better move along. We're going up to Cook's Office and we'd be delighted to have you come with us, if you'd care to."

The boys accepted eagerly in spite of Bob's pique of the moment, and he and Jean headed the little procession on its way up to Piccadilly. Tickets were soon bought and then the boys asked "the three" what they wanted to see first, for they had decided to have luncheon and then spend the afternoon together. Jean wanted to see the Tower, Elizabeth, Westminster Abbey, and Miss Hooper, the National Gallery.

However luncheon proved so delightful and the conversation so entertaining that it was after two before they were ready to start anywhere. As they could not seem to decide

where to go first, Jack finally suggested that they take a 'bus ride through some of the interesting districts and after that a ride in one of the little river steamers for by so doing they could get a general idea of the city by land and by sea.

As they were waiting for a 'bus in Trafalgar Square, Elizabeth, who had been observing the traffic before her, exclaimed, "Why how peculiar! All the 'busses and teams go to the left instead of to the right as they do at home. We'd better get on the other side of the street or we'll never get on a 'bus."

"Good for you, Elizabeth," said Jean. "Here these fellows have been here a week and we, who have just come, can give them some information."

"Yes, you're right, Miss Fairfax," said Bob. "All traffic does move to the left here. We know that, but you see we are so interested in seeing you all again that a little thing like traffic doesn't count. There's our 'bus now." And crossing the street they hailed a passing 'bus and climbing up on top soon be-

came a part of that vast moving throng which fills London night and day.

The lurching 'bus rattled along over the pavements and an ever-changing panorama presented itself to the wondering gaze of at least two of the passengers. The streets seemed filled to overflowing with vehicles of every description; the sidewalks literally swarmed with pedestrians; the buildings, some high, some low, seemed crowded so closely together that one wondered if even air could circulate among them. Near at hand were shops, theatres, and dwelling houses, and in the distance church-spires, castle-towers and bridges, and now and then an occasional glimpse of the river.

At last, finding themselves before Westminster Abbey, they alighted to take their first view of it and the Parliament Buildings. It was a temptation to enter, but they had promised themselves that pleasure for another day, so, after viewing them from many sides they left them behind and boarded a small steamer for a short ride up and down the river. There

were many other passengers and soon they found themselves entering into conversation with those about them.

As they left London Bridge behind them a pleasant-faced, white-haired old Englishman who had been talking with Elizabeth said, "Well, young lady, I take it you're from the States. Tell me, now that you've seen our London Bridge, how does it compare with that great Brooklyn Bridge of yours?"

"Oh, sir," said Elizabeth. "I cannot tell you, for I have never visited Brooklyn Bridge."

"What! Unfamiliar with Brooklyn Bridge! How strange!" replied the old gentleman.

They changed the conversation but he and Elizabeth continued to talk on other subjects of interest until as they neared the Parliament Buildings he said again: "Well, young lady! They tell me you have some pretty fine government buildings in Washington! How do you think they compare with our Parliament Buildings?"

"Oh, sir," said Elizabeth. "I'm very sorry to say it, but I cannot tell you, because I've never been in Washington."

"Never been in Washington or on Brooklyn Bridge! And you come to England to see our country when you have never seen your own. I cannot understand that. You are very funny people over there."

"Perhaps you're right," said Elizabeth, "some of us are very funny, but then the United States covers a great deal of territory and it takes a long while to see it all."

But as the boat stopped and Elizabeth's party alighted she said to Jean and Miss Hooper, after she had told them of the incident, "Before I come abroad again I mean to visit Washington and Brooklyn Bridge, for I never want to be humiliated like that again by any Englishman."

"Yes," said Jean. "We three will spend our spring vacation next year in Washington and run up to New York for a day or two."

Elizabeth smiled to herself for although she knew Jean could gratify every wish, with her it was an entirely different matter.

They had taken but a few steps from the boat-landing when it began to sprinkle and they suddenly perceived that a great black

cloud was gathering over their heads. "Oh, it's going to rain," said Bob; "it always does in London. I don't believe we've had one whole pleasant day since we came. No matter how pleasant it is in the morning it always manages to put in a little rain before the day is over. It looks as though it were coming down hard this time. I think we'd better make for that porch over at Westminster Abbey and maybe we can hail a cab or a 'bus from there. There's nothing in sight here."

Although they hurried as fast as they could, before they had crossed the square and reached the church the rain was coming down in torrents and their thin clothes were soon wet through. When they were under cover on the great porch they were all pretty thoroughly disgusted with London weather and shivered and shuddered as the chill wind from the river struck through their wet clothes. Not one shop in sight where they might buy rubbers or umbrellas, but as the storm increased it was doubtful if one could have held up an umbrella, so fiercely did the wind blow. Other

pedestrians sought refuge in neighboring doorways and at the church entrance as the rain continued to fall, and all waited in vain for some passing vehicle to convey them to their destination.

At last, thoroughly disgusted, Bob declared he would not stand there another moment for he could not be any wetter than he already was, so he dashed out into the rain and disappeared. Just about the time that the others began to get anxious over his non-appearance, fearing that he had perhaps met with some accident, they caught sight of a dejected-looking, rain-soaked horse and cab tearing around the corner and from the window they saw Bob's long thin arm waving joyfully at them. When the cab drew up to the sidewalk in front of them, Bob jumped out and opening a huge umbrella which he had borrowed from the obliging cabman, hastened to the little group awaiting him.

"Don't ask me where I've been or why I was gone so long. Suffice it to say that I've been all over London to find you a cab and only got this one after flinging my entire for-

tune at the driver's feet. Do hurry for I'm paying him by the hour and I want enough money left to get to Paris next week. I suppose if I were good old Sir Walter Raleigh I'd lay my coat down for you ladies to walk over this puddle, but the coat's so wet now I assure you it wouldn't do one bit of good."

As quickly as possible the five crowded into their narrow quarters and were driven to Russell Square where Miss Hooper and the girls were staying. The boys refused to remain for dinner saying that they were unwilling to disgrace their friends by their bedraggled appearance but they promised to come the following evening if no unforeseen accident happened the next day to spoil the few remaining clothes they possessed.

"The three" spent the evening writing letters and as it was the first opportunity they had had to write anything but postal cards since they landed they all found so much to say that it was very late when Miss Hooper insisted upon their going to bed. Always before they had occupied one room, but here in Mrs. Southwark's house the only rooms avail-

able were very small and had either one or two single beds in them; so Jean and Elizabeth had a small front room together and Miss Hooper was just across the hall.

As a neighboring clock was striking twelve the girls put out their lights and crept into bed. For a long time Jean lay perfectly still with eyes wide open, then restlessly she turned from one side to the other; but try as she might she could not sleep. Finally she whispered, "Elizabeth, are you awake?" When Elizabeth replied that she was, Jean continued, "Did you ever hear of such a noisy place in all your life? And yet they dare to say that Russell Square is one of the quietest places in London. I simply cannot sleep. I'm going to get up and look out of the windows or read or do something exciting and see if I can get sleepy."

Elizabeth said that she had not been able to sleep either, so putting on their kimonas they crept over to the big window seat and crouching there in the semi-darkness looked out on the lighted city. "Oh, I see now why it's so noisy," said Jean. "It's the cabs roll-

ing over the pavements. Did you ever see so many before, and at midnight, too? And look at the lights! They're everywhere, even in the windows around us. Don't you suppose people ever go to sleep here? I confess I'm as wide-awake as though it were noon."

"Yes, it's all very strange, Jean," said Elizabeth. "But isn't it stranger still, when you think of it, that we two Americans are sitting up here in a little upper window watching all London roll by us?"

And there they sat for over an hour until the noisy cabs lessened a little in number and pedestrians passed by less frequently. Yet the city still seemed ablaze with lights as though it were trying to turn night into day. Finally the girls declared they were so sleepy that they could sleep under any conditions and they crept back into bed.

A few hours later Jean awoke with a start and sitting up in bed looked over at Elizabeth where she lay in bed with her eyes wide open. "What was that unearthly noise?" asked Jean. "Have we been asleep at all? The last thing I remember was some horrid deaf-

ening noise and now something worse has awakened me. It sounds as though some one were shouting for help, but I can't make out what it is. Do you suppose there's been an accident? I'm going to get up and see what has happened."

Elizabeth followed Jean to the window where they had sat but a few hours before and looking down into the street below them they saw no one but a milkman. But as he approached a neighboring doorway he uttered the same cry that had awakened the girls and although they suspected he was calling "Milk," it might just as well have been "Ink" or "Water," or anything else for that matter. Close behind him were some vegetable peddlers, a baker, a grocer, and last of all a hurdy-gurdy player, and each one uttering the very shrillest of cries seemed to be trying to outdo the others in order that he might attract attention.

"What time is it?" asked Jean. "I should think by this array of peddlers that it must be about noon, but no one else seems to be abroad and there isn't a sound in the house."

Elizabeth went over to the dressing table and looking at her watch said, "Why, it's only a quarter of six. How many hours do you think we've slept? Do you feel refreshed?"

"No, I can't say I do," said Jean. "And what's more I don't believe I'll ever be able to sleep in this noisy city. I'm going to get dressed and finish my letters for it's no use for me to go back to bed and try to sleep. I never can after I'm once awake. Why don't you go, though, and try to get in another hour or two? You know breakfast isn't served until between eight and nine o'clock."

"I think I will," said Elizabeth, and she went back to her single bed and closed her eyes. Jean partly dressed and slipping on her kimona sat down at the one small desk the room afforded and began to write strenuously.

Several hours later the door opened softly and Miss Hooper stepped into the room and to her astonishment saw Jean at the desk with her head buried in her arms, apparently fast asleep, while Elizabeth lay in her bed breathing heavily. Although she could not account

for Jean's strange sleeping-place she said nothing but withdrew as quietly as she had entered saying to herself, "Poor dears, evidently they have had a sleepless night, too, but we will get used to it after a night or two; one always does."

When they called for their mail that noon at the American Express Co.'s office there were no American letters for Jean but she had a note from Don Faringdon in which he told her that his uncle had been called away on business for a few days and he was to go with him in the automobile. Consequently he could not go up to London as he expected, until their return which would be on the following Tuesday. His aunt had given him four seats for Grand Opera that evening at Covent Garden for a performance of "Thais" and he invited the three to be his guests that evening. He said that unless he heard from them to the contrary he should take it for granted that they would accept his invitation and he would call for them in his machine about quarter of eight Tuesday evening.

"Isn't that kind of Mrs. Faringdon?" said

Jean. "Imagine hearing Grand Opera in London!"

"Yes," added Miss Hooper, "and it's the great London season now and we shall have an opportunity to see the aristocracy of England. We must get out our best gowns for the occasion and do credit to our native land."

"To tell the truth, I'm rather glad it's happened this way, for although I should enjoy having Don take us around the city, as long as Bob and Jack are here now they're quite sufficient. And just about the time they'll be leaving Don will arrive on the scene. Somehow I don't think Bob and Don would enjoy each other. With Jack it would be all right, but Bob's so different, you know."

"Rivals never do care much for each other's society," said Elizabeth with a smile.

But Jean stopped her with a, "Now don't be silly, Beth. There's no such thing as rivals in this case. The boys said they'd meet us here at one, but they don't seem to be on time to-day. It's already half-past one. I don't think we ought to wait much longer. I guess we can go to the Tower without them if it's

necessary. Oh, here they come now, hurrying as though their lives depended upon it. Let's turn around and look in the other direction so they won't suspect we were getting anxious."

Soon the boys came up to them and offered apologies for their delay, which had been caused by an unexpected meeting with some college friends at their hotel. They took a 'bus and started off for an afternoon at the Tower, that place of mystery and horror which still seems haunted by the spirits of the dead, and still seems a fitting place for murders and executions. As they walked up the last few narrow winding streets they seemed to lose their way and stopping a pleasant-faced old man whom they met they asked him in which direction the Tower was.

With a smile he replied, "Oh, keep right on. It's just straight away oppoosite. You can't miss it."

Although they hardly knew what he meant by "straight away oppoosite," they continued as they had been going and before long they found themselves at the Lion's Gate, the en-

trance to the Tower. Once inside the grounds they wandered from one gray tower to another and gazed with wonder at priceless crown jewels and royal regalia, at old armor and relics, at faint inscriptions of languishing prisoners, at the spot marking the execution of Anne Boleyn, at the burial-places of great men and women of the Elizabethan Period, at the site of the murder of the Little Princes and all the hideous crimes committed in those gloomy chambers. They lived over again in thought that awful period of English history, and left the prison with a mingled feeling of pity for the countless victims who were sacrificed to the passing whims of monarchs, together with a real thankfulness that they lived in the twentieth century and in a democracy.

The next day, Sunday, they attended morning service at Westminster Abbey and afterwards wandered through its countless chambers and lingered for a long time before the bust of Longfellow in the Poet's Corner. In the afternoon they visited the National Art Gallery and met several shipboard acquaint-

ances. Monday they devoted to Windsor Castle and the country near it, and Tuesday to St. Paul's Church and several of the most interesting streets of the city.

They were walking up Fleet Street about four in the afternoon and Bob and Jean were behind the others having stopped before "The Cheshire Cheese" to discuss Dr. Johnson and Boswell. When they had settled the point in question Bob said, "You know, Jean, that Jack and I are going to leave London early to-morrow morning. We're going up to Edinburgh and spend some time in the northern part of Scotland with some of Jack's relatives. We shall be in Ireland late in August probably, but that part of the trip isn't settled yet. We may become so enthusiastic over Scotland that we'll stay there until it's time to start back to Oxford."

"Isn't that splendid!" said Jean. "It's practically what we are going to do. I hope we'll see you often along the way."

"I most certainly hope so, too," replied Bob. "But before we go Jack and I have planned a little surprise for you three. To-night's our

last night, and we've bought tickets for one of the best musical shows you ever saw. I'll not tell you the name now, for that's part of the surprise. After the show we'll have supper at our hotel if Miss Hooper's willing. What do you say to our surprise, Jean?"

"Oh, Bob! I'm so sorry, but we can't go to-night. You see we've promised to go to Grand Opera with Don Faringdon. He's coming up from Oxford in his machine to take us. I forgot to say anything to you about it but he invited us last week. I didn't think when I accepted that Tuesday night would be your last here. It's a perfect shame, but I don't see how it can be helped now."

"Of course not, Jean, but why didn't you say something about it before and then we could have planned something else?"

"I don't know why I didn't, but it simply didn't occur to me."

"Well, I suppose we can ask the Princeton fellows we met this noon at the hotel to use the tickets, but it won't be much like the evening we planned."

Bob tried to be cheerful, but somehow he

didn't succeed and the rest of the walk was a dismal failure. When the party separated at Russell Square good-byes were said and promises made for frequent letters and future meetings if possible, in Scotland and Ireland. As "the three" went up to their rooms Elizabeth said, "Jean, what was the matter with Bob the last part of the afternoon? He seemed awfully grumpy over something." Then Jean told them as briefly as possible what had happened and they agreed with her that it was very unfortunate things couldn't have been arranged differently.

Very early after dinner that evening "the three" went up to their rooms to dress for the opera. They all meant to look their best so Don might not be ashamed of the appearance of his American friends. Miss Hooper wore an exquisite soft gray crêpe de chine, Elizabeth a pale pink messaline, and Jean a stunning black and white silk and chiffon creation which she had bought at Liberty's that week. By twenty minutes of eight they were all ready, even to donning their opera coats and scarfs and went down to the living-

room to await the arrival of Don and the automobile. Jean sat by the window to catch the first glimpse of the car, for she was so excited at the prospect of the evening's pleasure that she was anxious to be off. She hated to wait for anything, anyway, and when Don said quarter of eight she didn't see why he wasn't there at that time.

They sat there patiently until the little clock on the mantel struck eight and then Jean gave way to her impatience. "Why, what do you suppose has happened?" she said. "It's eight o'clock now, and we shall be late. I'm disappointed, for I wanted to be there early enough to see the people come in. That's half the fun at opera."

"Don't worry yet," said Miss Hooper, "perhaps something has happened to the machine. I'm sure he'll be along soon. 'Thais' is a very long opera, so we won't mind missing some of the first act. Won't you play to us Jean, while we're waiting?"

Jean went to the piano and began playing softly one thing after another until in the love for her music she forgot all about the opera

and her impatience. But in the middle of one of her favorite selections the telephone rang sharply and hearing it she jumped up exclaiming, "There's the telephone. I haven't a doubt but that it's Don to tell us he's stalled ten miles from nowhere and so won't be able to get here for an hour or so."

But it wasn't Don and the clock struck half-past eight. Jean couldn't be persuaded to play again and she walked up and down the room and the hall and answered the questions of the others with short, jerky replies. To herself she was thinking that probably Don had forgotten all about his engagement that evening, for she had seen from the very first that he was the most forgetful person she had ever known. She didn't like to admit this fault, but in spite of it he was very likable and perhaps there was a good reason this time for his non-appearance. Then too, she was a little disappointed that she couldn't have accepted Bob's invitation for a last good time together. In spite of all he had said to the contrary, she was sure he was a little piqued at the discovery that she was going to the opera with Don

instead of with him. Although Don was forgetful, Bob was inclined to be jealous, and one fault was as bad as the other.

Just then an automobile horn tooted and "the three" felt sure Don had come. They gathered their fallen wraps around them and stood awaiting the maid's announcement. To their dismay the car contained friends of Mrs. Southwark and they ascended to her rooms leaving the three gazing at the clock as it struck nine.

"Well," said Jean, "I'll wait here until half-past nine and not one minute after that. Something is wrong somewhere and probably we'll have an explanation later. I'm too disappointed for words and I'll never have any faith in Don Faringdon nor accept another invitation from him as long as I live."

"Careful, Jean," said Elizabeth. "Don't make any rash promises. You know we've a week more in London and after Jack and Bob go we'll probably be very glad to have some one take us around in an automobile."

"Well, Elizabeth, you can do just as you

please of course, but I'm not going to bother him again with my society."

"Oh, you'll feel differently in the morning," said Miss Hooper.

At ten o'clock there was not a word or sign of Don and "the three" returned to their own rooms and removed their fine raiment much quicker than they had donned it. By the time they were ready for bed Jean's mood had changed and her disappointment gave way a little to amusement as she thought of how they had spent the evening waiting below in their finery, and she was more inclined to take a brighter view of the matter, although she still cherished a little secret resentment toward Don.

Early the next morning she was awakened by a knock at the door and opening it the maid informed her that some one wished to talk to her on the telephone. She slipped on her kimona and gave her tousled hair a hasty brushing and hurried down the stairs still half asleep, thinking to herself that of course it was Don with an explanation of his non-ap-

pearance the evening before. As she took up the receiver and said "Hello," a cheery voice on the other end answered, "Good morning! Is that you, Jean?"

Without a moment's hesitation she replied, "Yes, Don, but where were you last night?" To her great surprise a voice replied, "It isn't Don, it's Bob. Pardon me for calling you up so early but we start in about five minutes and I just wanted to say good-bye again." And before she could utter another word he had hung up the receiver and gone away. For a moment she was tempted to call up his hotel but she decided to the contrary and went back to bed without a word to Elizabeth.

About noon that day Don came whirling up to Russell Square in his machine and alighted. Asking for "the three" he apologized profoundly for his actions of the night before. He had forgotten the engagement; there was no other excuse. His uncle and aunt were away and he had become so interested that afternoon on some electrical apparatus that everything else slipped from his mind and only

at his aunt's return that morning had he realized what he had done. He was very sorry, and much ashamed of it all, but he hoped they would overlook it this time and try him once more for he had tickets for the following Friday evening when "Lucia" was to be presented.

Elizabeth expected Jean would stoutly refuse, but to her surprise she said that she would accept if Don would come up to London Friday afternoon and let them see him all ready at their house before they started to dress. Don agreed to this and also promised that he would devote himself to them during the remainder of their stay in London and leave electricity and everything pertaining to it alone for the present.

Don did devote himself to their interests and he did everything he could to make their sight-seeing easy and enjoyable. He stayed several days at a cousin's house in the city, so his automobile was always at their disposal for long distances. They succeeded in attending the opera on Friday evening without

any delays or mishaps and were so delighted with the performance that they declared they were almost glad they missed "Thais."

The days flew by and it was time to start for Scotland. Jean's only regrets in leaving London were that as yet she had received no American letters and that it meant saying good-bye to Donald Faringdon, a good friend whom she believed she would never see again.

CHAPTER IX

INTO THE HEART OF SCOTLAND

ALTHOUGH at first they had planned to go on the express from London to Edinburgh, they changed their plans when they found how many interesting stops could be made between the two cities, and took a more leisurely route. As they had plenty of time at their disposal, they stopped a day at each of the Cathedral towns, York, Ely, and Lincoln, and viewed three of the grandest pieces of church architecture that there are in all England. Leaving England behind them, they crossed into Scotland, that land filled with associations of historic splendor and ancient romance, and rode for some time through red-roofed villages with occasional gray church towers in the distance without being aware of the change. But gradually the low, flat country disappeared and they

found themselves in the midst of barren hills where countless sheep grazed on the bracken and the heather.

Elizabeth's favorite author was Sir Walter Scott, and when she found they were to pass through the land where he had lived and died she begged Miss Hooper to stop there as long as possible. So late one afternoon they left the train at the little station of Melrose and were driven to their hotel overlooking the ruins of Melrose Abbey, easily the finest ruin in Scotland. After an early dinner they strolled through the ruins and coming unexpectedly upon some tiny white daisies, they picked them and strewed them at the east end of the abbey where the heart of Robert Bruce is buried. Later in the evening as they gazed out of their windows upon the ruin, bathed in the white, mystical moonlight, it seemed the most beautiful one they had ever seen, yet sad because of its very isolation and the traditions connected with the Bruce. A feeling of loneliness crept over them and they were glad to leave it until it should shine forth again in the bright morning sunlight.

Next morning they started to walk the two miles to Abbotsford, the home of Scott; there were plenty of vehicles to be had, but they preferred to walk as the day was so perfect. Abbotsford lies on the river Tweed, and with its countless trees and gardens which the poet arranged himself and the choice collection of treasures which the house contains, holds much to interest any visitor and especially one who loves his works. "The three" spent the whole morning there, and in the afternoon were driven with a gay tally-ho party from the hotel to the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey where Scott lies sleeping in the burial vault of his ancestors.

Traveling nearly all the evening, they reached Edinburgh late Saturday afternoon and went to their rooms in the Station Hotel which had been highly recommended to them by some acquaintances they had made in Melrose who had just come from there. They ordered their dinner sent to their room as they were too tired to dress and go down to the main dining-room that evening. The maid was very slow in serving them, the food was

poor and cold, the room was small and dingy from the constant smoke that drifted in from passing trains, and their first impression of Edinburgh hotels was anything but pleasing.

Miss Hooper seldom complained of anything, but this was a little more than she could stand, especially when she was paying good prices for service. She left the girls and went down to the clerk to ask for a better room but she was curtly told that the hotel was very full for the week-end and he could do no better for her until the first of the week. There was nothing more to be done that night so they went to bed trying to make the best of things. In the morning they were obliged to wait a long time before they could have the use of the one bathroom on that floor, but one glance at the tub convinced them that it was absolutely unusable for a bath. This was the last straw, and Miss Hooper declared that she would not stay another day in such a wretched hotel. In spite of the fact that it was Sunday she was going to take her Baedeker and go from one place to another

listed there until she found something more to her liking; the two girls could go or not, just as they pleased.

Naturally "they pleased," and followed her out of the hotel without waiting for breakfast. They stopped at a quiet little restaurant near by where they sipped their coffee and ate their rolls in peace and cleanliness. Then they started out and finally found a private hotel, the Roxburgh, which was ideal in every way. Arrangements were soon made for their stay there, with the understanding that they should come immediately and their trunks would be sent the following day.

They returned to the hotel and packed the few things they had taken out of their suitcases and went down to the desk to pay their bill. Very calmly they listened to the sarcastic remarks of the clerk as he commented upon their departure but they said nothing, though they were sorely tempted to reply when as they were leaving they heard him remark to another clerk lounging near, "Americans, you might know. Never satisfied with

anything. All I've got to say is that I hope they'll find things worse at the next place they stop."

But his wish was not to be fulfilled for their new hotel was all that could be desired and they enjoyed every minute of their stay there.

Monday morning early they went to the Bank of Scotland where their letters were to be forwarded from London and to her great delight Jean found her American letters which had been sent up from Italy. With them came a letter from the other Jean Cabot, who expressed her regret that the letters had been sent to the wrong girl. She was greatly surprised and interested that she should have a namesake and hoped that they might become friends. She said that she was to spend the summer touring with a Cook's party and would return to the United States in September and continue her college course at Vassar, where she would enter upon her senior year. She hoped Jean would write to her during the summer and perhaps plan a meeting in the fall, if not sooner. Jean was delighted and prom-

ised herself that she would write at the very first opportunity.

It took most of the morning to read her letters for there were far more than she had expected, so they did not begin their sight-seeing until after luncheon, but sat in the pleasant gardens on Princes Street, where is to be had such a splendid view of this city so admirably fitted by nature to be the capital of Scotland. Above them, on a bold rock, stood the Castle, the ancient seat of Scottish kings, stern and forbidding in aspect, like a guardian of all that lay beneath it. Just ahead of them the Scott monument, away in the distance Arthur's Seat, and in the other direction, Calton Hill. In front of them was Princes Street with its large, attractive shops, wide, well-kept pavements and a steady stream of well-dressed, happy people. Although the city has its slums and its poor, like all great cities, there was no indication of it that morning as it lay smiling in the warm August sun.

Early that afternoon they started for their visit to the Castle. After walking up a long, winding path they entered the castle grounds

by a drawbridge and crossing the old moat passed under a portcullis and followed the main road to the highest part of the enclosure. Here they paused to get their breath and then to get the magnificent view of the city below them and the Firth of Forth in the distance. They could not have had a clearer day, and for sixpence an old guide in his broad Scotch dialect, hardly intelligible, pointed out to them towers, monuments, castles, churches, and the harbor, and they began to realize the extent of the city and its surroundings. As the castle is garrisoned at the present day the soldiers in their kilts and plaids patrolled back and forth, and one almost listened for the stirring melodies of the bagpipes.

Entering the Castle itself they went first to the Crown-Room, where is kept the Scottish regalia, and then to Queen Mary's Room, hardly larger than a modern closet, where the unhappy queen passed so many lonely hours and shed so many bitter tears. One can hardly believe that here was born James I of England, and that from the one small window in the room the young child, then only a few

weeks old, was lowered at night in a basket to the ground that he might be carried by friends of his mother to gray Stirling Castle, thirty-five miles away, to be christened a Catholic, in the hope that he would ever be loyal to that faith. From that window they got their first view of Holyrood Palace, which lies at the foot of the Castle and the quaint old streets which lead to it where once the lords and ladies of high degree walked or were driven, and where now the squalid children of the poor play in the narrow closes or muddy gutters, oblivious of all the grandeur and romance of the past. Reluctantly leaving this little room they passed into the Old Parliament Hall and St. Margaret's Chapel, and then out again into some of the soldiers' quarters. They could easily have spent the whole afternoon there had not Holyrood beckoned to them with more associations of Queen Mary, that fascinatingly beautiful but unfortunate woman.

Their first stop as they descended the hill was at St. Giles Church, the oldest one in Edinburgh, probably built in the 12th century,

which contains, among other memorials, a beautiful bronze one to Robert Louis Stevenson by St. Gaudens. Just outside in the pavement is a figure of a heart, marking the sight of the Old Tolbooth, or city prison, which is known as the "Heart of Midlothian." To the south of the church is Parliament Square, which formerly was the church-yard, containing a stone marking the grave of John Knox. At one side is Parliament House, once the place of meeting of the Scottish Parliament, but now the seat of the Supreme Law Courts of Scotland.

As "the three" left the John Knox house and entered the Canongate, the slum district of the city, their attention was suddenly drawn to a noisy crowd of people coming up the street toward them. As they approached nearer they could see that an old man was fighting a woman of about thirty or forty years of age. His hair was gray and thin and unkempt and blood streamed down his angry face upon his ragged clothing. The woman had a wild and frightened look, one eye was blackened by a recent blow, and she

had a long cut on one cheek. Her waist was literally torn from her body and she staggered under the constant blows the man rained upon her. Evidently both had been drinking and were beside themselves with rage. Every few moments the woman would jump at her pursuer and try to clutch his neck, but it was of no avail, for, in spite of his age, he was the stronger of the two and finally got her down on the hard pavement and was about to step upon her when she uttered such a piercing cry that a young fellow in the crowd, perhaps her son, rushed forward and pulled the old man away. Shouts of protest and disappointment instantly arose from the low, jeering crowd that followed close at the heels of the fight, and from the grinning spectators in all the windows, while cries of, "Go it, Mac. Kill her. Away with the boy," rang out everywhere.

By this time "the three" were very near to the disorderly crowd and already several tattered youngsters on the outskirts were beginning to look askance at the well-dressed strangers and their prosperous-looking pocket-

books. They were frightened, for they could see, as they looked up and down the street, that they were practically at the mercy of these people who were in a fair way to do anything. Finally, as one boy, more daring than the rest, approached Jean and began making faces at her she turned abruptly round and whispered, "Isn't this dreadful? What shall we do? Can't we go back and get out of their way? Oh, if some one would only come down this way that we could ask to walk with us down this awful street! I wish we never had come."

Elizabeth, who had been watching in all directions, suddenly caught sight of a man coming toward them who surely looked respectable, and she said she was going to run back as quickly as she could and ask him to let them walk with him. Miss Hooper suggested that they wait in the shadow of a doorway until he was about to pass them and then she would speak to him and explain the situation. What was their surprise when the man was opposite them to discover that it was no other than Mr. Atherton. They could hardly



WHAT WAS THEIR SURPRISE TO DISCOVER THAT IT WAS NO OTHER
THAN MR. ATHERTON.—Page 210.

believe their eyes and declared that a miracle had saved their lives.

After he had led them by the still fighting man and woman Jean exclaimed, "But tell us, Mr. Atherton, what are you doing in Edinburgh? We thought you were in Paris."

"Well," he replied, "I finished the business in Paris much sooner than I expected and had a few days before my time was up, so I decided to sell my ticket and sail from Glasgow and spend a few days in Edinburgh. You see, my mother's people were Scotch and lived here, so she would never forgive me if she found out I had been so near her mother's old home and did not visit it. I've just been through the Castle hurriedly and am on my way to Holyrood, and judge you are, too. I'm delighted we can go together, for it's so much pleasanter to go sight-seeing with friends."

"Pleasanter it surely is," said Jean, "but I doubt if anything I see to-day will be pleasant, for I simply cannot get the thought of that awful street fight out of my mind. I shall see that desperate woman's face for a

long time. It's the first time I've ever seen an intoxicated woman, and I hope I'll never see another."

"This is a dangerous locality for women, and you were running a risk to walk down it alone. Just up above here I saw a saloon-keeper throw a young woman out of his saloon. But let's not talk of those things any more. We'll leave all this misery behind in the Canongate, for here we are at Holyrood."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "but we're going into the presence of Mary, Queen of Scots, again, and thoughts of her are not of the cheeriest nature."

"True enough," said Mr. Atherton as they entered the Palace, which, in the 12th century was the site of Holyrood Abbey, but later became the residence of the Scottish kings. They spent most time in the rooms of Mary, which have been kept as nearly like what they were in her lifetime as possible. On the wall of her chamber hangs a small Venetian mirror which, if it could speak, might tell tales of the proud beauty who took many a last glimpse into its shining surface before she went to

meet her lover. In the vestibule of the audience-chamber is a brass plate on the floor that indicates where this same lover, Rizzio, was murdered.

"Oh, I'm tired of all this murder and bloodshed and gloom," said Elizabeth, "I want something happy and bright. I don't believe I want to see another castle all summer if they're like these last we've been visiting. Don't you know something to do that's pleasant, Mr. Atherton?"

"Well," he answered, "I have planned to spend to-morrow morning climbing 'Arthur's Seat' and the afternoon at Newhaven, a little Scandinavian fishing village three or four miles out of the city. If you have made no plans for the day I'd be delighted to have you join me."

"We'll accept with pleasure, I'm sure," said Elizabeth, "if you'll promise to keep us in a good happy frame of mind." And then they left Old City behind them and returned to their hotel, Mr. Atherton accompanying them for dinner.

The next day it rained with a vengeance, as

it can rain only in Edinburgh, and although one soon gets accustomed to continual showers and misty mornings and does not allow them to interfere with general sight-seeing, steady downpours are not propitious for climbing hills and visiting fishing villages. So their plans had to be given up in spite of the fact that it was Mr. Atherton's last day in the city, for he was obliged to start early the next morning for Glasgow. He telephoned them from his hotel that he would spend the afternoon with them in the Art Galleries if they wished to visit them and then he invited them for tea and a musical evening at the home of one of his cousins. He assured them that they would meet some charming people, among others some Americans who were guests there.

They promptly accepted the invitation and not daunted by the rain went out for a morning's shopping on Princes Street. They had been told that they could buy gloves here better and cheaper than anywhere else, so they first sought the small glove-shops and laid in a goodly store. Then plaids interested them,

and they looked at ribbons, scarfs, sashes, silks, dress goods, and steamer rugs, but finally purchased only a few ribbons and one steamer rug which Jean wanted for her couch at college. As they were leaving one of the large department stores a long, plaid Inverness coat in a side window caught Jean's eye and she declared it would be just the thing for them to wear over their suits on the coaching trips they were to take through the Trossachs and in Ireland. So nothing would do but she must buy a dark green plaid one for herself and a dark blue plaid for Elizabeth and she insisted upon their dedicating them that very morning by wearing them home over their rubber rain-coats.

On the way back to the hotel, Jean saw the sign of a hairdresser's establishment above the restaurant where they had eaten Sunday morning, and she maintained that it was just the kind of a morning for a shampoo, saying that if she had it done then, it would save her the trouble of doing it herself some pleasant day when she might want to do something else. As neither of the other two

wished to avail themselves of the same opportunity they left her at the entrance of the shop after she had convinced them that she did not mind going in alone or walking the short distance back to the hotel without them.

But when she opened the door of the room devoted by R. Falkirk to the gentle art of hairdressing, to her great astonishment she saw only men standing near the chairs and tables where she had expected to see young women, and then she wished she had allowed Elizabeth to accompany her. For a moment she decided that she had made a mistake and she racked her brain for the most graceful way of withdrawing. But upon being greeted by a most gracious gentleman who asked her if she would like a shampoo or a "wave" her courage returned and she replied that she had come for a shampoo.

After she had taken her place behind a high screen and operations began, other customers came in and she soon found out that all the hairdressers in the city were men, the women not yet having been admitted into that profession. While her hair was drying she

entered into quite a lengthy conversation with the hairdresser, who soon discovered that she was an American. When she told him that she went to college near Boston he was delighted, for he said his oldest brother had left home when very young and had gone to the United States. Very recently they had heard that he had bought out a small business in Boston and was doing well. He had not seen him for twenty years and asked Jean on her return to go in and visit his shop and carry a message to him. Jean promised, and when he gave her the address out of a little worn note-book in his pocket she could hardly believe her own eyes for it was the very place that her cousin, Nan Maitlandt, had taken her to when she first needed a shampoo and she had been there ever since. The coincidence pleased them both, and Jean left the shop convinced that, after all, the world is a very small place.

Although it continued to rain as hard in the afternoon as it had in the morning, Mr. Ather-ton called for them shortly after two o'clock and they spent several hours together in the

Art Galleries before they took a tram which passed his cousin, Mrs. Stronend's house. On their arrival she came to the door to meet them and greeted them so cordially that they felt at home with her immediately and enjoyed the bounteous meal, called tea, which she had prepared for them. In the evening other guests began to arrive and soon the large rooms were completely filled. One of her house guests, Mrs. Menteith, a Maryland girl who had married a young Edinburgh barrister, was to sing from some of the operas, accompanied by her younger sister who had spent the preceding winter studying the piano in Germany. It was delightful music and the little reception afterwards quite as delightful and gave "the three" an unexpected opportunity to meet other people than tourists.

They lingered a little after the departure of the other guests and the hour was so late and the storm so furious that Mrs. Stronend insisted that they should all spend the night there. When Mr. Atherton pleaded that he must take an early morning train for Glasgow, his cousin promised if he would stay they

would all arise early and she would send him to his hotel in her carriage. So he was prevailed upon, and they all spent the night there and left very early in the morning.

"The three" went to the station to see Mr. Atherton off and they returned to their hotel to change their best gowns, which they had worn the evening before, for more comfortable ones in which to enjoy a day out of doors. They took a tram and visited the village of Newhaven in which Mr. Atherton had interested them. Sure enough, they found a little isolated settlement of Scandinavian fisherfolk living exactly as they might have done on their own peninsula. The women were large and strongly built and were dressed in short woolen skirts reaching only to their knees, with coarse cotton blouses, covered sometimes with a highly colored girdle. They carried heavy baskets of fish upon their heads and thought nothing of walking back and forth to Edinburgh with them. The men, for the most part, lounged on the beach or near their humble shacks mending their nets or swapping stories of the last catch. A

strong wind blowing from off the water carried to the sensitive nostrils of "the three," quite unused to such localities, such an unpleasant odor of drying fish that they were not reluctant to return to the city.

In the afternoon they hired a carriage and drove through the Treeless King's Park to the foot of Arthur's Seat and from there began the ascent after making the driver promise to wait there until their return. It was very windy on the hill and got worse and worse the higher they went, but finally, in spite of difficulties, they reached the top and the view they obtained more than repaid them for their efforts. Jean suggested that they roll back down the hill, but her suggestion was not seconded by the others and they descended as they had come, except at a much more rapid rate. When they reached the carriage it was much earlier than they expected so they gave the driver orders to spend the rest of the afternoon taking them where he considered were the most beautiful drives.

On their return to the hotel they agreed that they had made the most of their stay in

Edinburgh and had seen as much as the average visitor. So they decided that they would pack up on the morrow and leave for their trip through the Trossachs.

CHAPTER X

INTO LOCH KATRINE, AND FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS

SENDING their trunks ahead and carrying their suit-cases, Inverness coats and umbrellas, which they declared were indispensable in Scotland, they took an accommodation train from Edinburgh in order that they might stop a few hours at Stirling Castle, that fortress on a lofty height resembling the Castle Rock of Edinburgh.

They decided before they left the train that for once they would dispense with a guide, for they were tired of the continual tipping, and then, too, they had just about reached the conclusion that guides seldom told them anything they did not already know, after reading their Baedekers and guide-books. So with the bright red books under their arms they marched boldly through the array of guides

that waited at the outer gates and refused all the generous offers that were made to them. It was very evident that not only surprise but disappointment reigned as the guides saw "the three" disappear. But on their return they lined up below the gates and muttered in perfectly audible tones, "Americans, with their everlasting Baedekers. Too mean to pay for a guide. Curses on 'em."

Jean was about to go back and empty the contents of her purse at their feet, but Miss Hooper restrained her in time to prevent her making a scene. "I'd like to show some of these impudent old skinflints what Americans really are worth. They seem to think we'll listen to all the insults in the world. It's a different matter when we're willing to give them our money, then they'll bow and scrape all right. I'm sure we don't treat visitors to our country like that."

They left the train at Aberfoyle, where a coach was waiting to convey passengers through the Trossachs; the word "Trossachs" means literally, "bristling country," and is applied to a beautifully wooded and romantic

valley between lofty peaks which loom up, as far as the eye can reach. The coach stopped half an hour at the Trossachs Hotel situated on the bank of Loch Achray and "the three" were so delighted with its beautiful location and the scenery in its immediate vicinity, described so wonderfully in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," that they decided to spend a night there and see a sunrise over Ben Venue.

They secured accommodations at the hotel and after lunch walked along the winding road by Loch Katrine, past Ellen's Isle, shining in the light of the afternoon sun. Steep cliffs rose abruptly from the edge of the lake, and here and there between them waved the bright green foliage of the birch. Not a habitation in sight, nothing but wild crags and mysterious paths and passes, fitting abodes of deer and other forest animals. There was not a person to be seen, so sitting down on a large rock by the side of the road they read aloud and recited from the poem which this same locality had inspired in Scott. So interested did they become and so filled with the spirit of the poem and the environment that

not one of them would have been surprised to see Ellen or James Fitz-James appear before them in the flesh.

At dinner that evening they found themselves seated at a small table with two other guests, a young man and woman whom they first thought to be brother and sister but later decided to be bride and groom on their honeymoon. Try as they would, they could not get them to enter into the conversation, and as a result, the meal was very uncomfortable, for whenever "the three" began to enthuse over something they had seen or wanted to see, the two strangers stared blankly and then smiled at each other very sweetly. When they left the table and allowed our friends to enjoy their coffee together, Jean declared that they were the snippiest people she had ever seen and suggested that they ask for different seats at the breakfast table next morning. Elizabeth objected to this, for she said she enjoyed watching them and thought perhaps later they would thaw out a little and condescend to talk with them.

After dinner the young son of the hotel-

keeper invited them for a row upon the tiny lake in order to watch the sunset. They had not been upon the water many minutes before it began to grow very cold and they shivered as though it were a fall evening. Their room was in one of the towers and although it afforded a wonderful view it also afforded much air and they piled on all the bedclothes they could find and on top of these their heavy coats. They had gone to bed early in order that they might be up in time to see the sun rise, and then, too, before breakfast they wanted to climb a steep hill back of the hotel. Elizabeth could always be depended upon to awaken early when, as she said, she put her mind upon it and her head upon her watch, so she was to arouse the others about five in the morning.

When she arose quietly at the time agreed upon, she crept to the nearest window and looked out. To her dismay it was dark and cold and raining again fully as hard as it had in Edinburgh the day they had planned to spend with Mr. Atherton. She had decided to go back to bed so quietly that she would

not disturb the others, but as luck would have it, she stumbled over a chair half-way between the window and her bed and made such a racket that the others sat up with a start, expecting, for a second, that they were about to be murdered in their beds. When Elizabeth explained that it was five o'clock but there would be no sunrise to be seen that morning on account of the heavy rain Miss Hooper said that they would not attempt to sail down the lake that day but would wait for fair weather, so she suggested that they take one of the "rest mornings" they had promised themselves before they started, but which as yet had not materialized, and stay in bed as long as they cared to sleep or rest. The others agreed and it was not until nearly eleven o'clock that they appeared in the big living-room downstairs, after having had a light breakfast in their room.

A big cheery fire crackled in the fireplace, and drawing up comfortable chairs before it they continued their reading of the "Lady of the Lake." There were a few other people who gradually drifted into the room and,

drawn by the fire and the reading, joined them. But their table-companions of the evening before did not appear nor were they visible at the early luncheon, so "the three" concluded that they had departed that morning in spite of the rain.

Very shortly after luncheon it grew lighter, and gradually the rain ceased, and although the sun did not make its appearance it was not such a bad afternoon after all. Miss Hooper found an interesting acquaintance in an English lady who was spending some time at the hotel, and was content to remain on the piazza chatting with her, while the two girls, in walking skirts and sweaters started out for a short tramp.

They followed the road until they came to the pier and there to their right they caught sight of a path trodden through the thick underbrush leading away from the main road and soon losing itself in the thick birches and tangled undergrowth. Its air of mystery appealed to them, and they were presently following it within the cool green shadows of the trees, where the leaves still dripped from the

morning rain. It kept close to the margin of the lake, now rising, now descending over the hard, barren land. At one moment the lake was almost lost to view by the thick wood, the next, the path would emerge from the trees and come so close to the water that the tiny waves almost lapped their stout walking-shoes. At one of the openings they rested and glancing across the expanse of water saw the landing, from which they had started, directly opposite, showing that they had completed the wide circle of the cove which the lake made at this point.

“*En avant, mes enfants!*” cried Jean and again they set out along the path of adventure and exploration. They came soon to a point where a gentle rise through a dense growth of young birches, and the thick, low foliage, almost hiding the path, made them feel that they were drifting into a world of romance, a silent, mysterious world of little dancing leaves and shining white bark. It thrilled them as they imagined Malcolm Graeme or Roderick Dhu making his breathless way over this same silent path, and of the many another before

them, who Robin-Hood-like, found a safe retreat in just such endless wildwood.

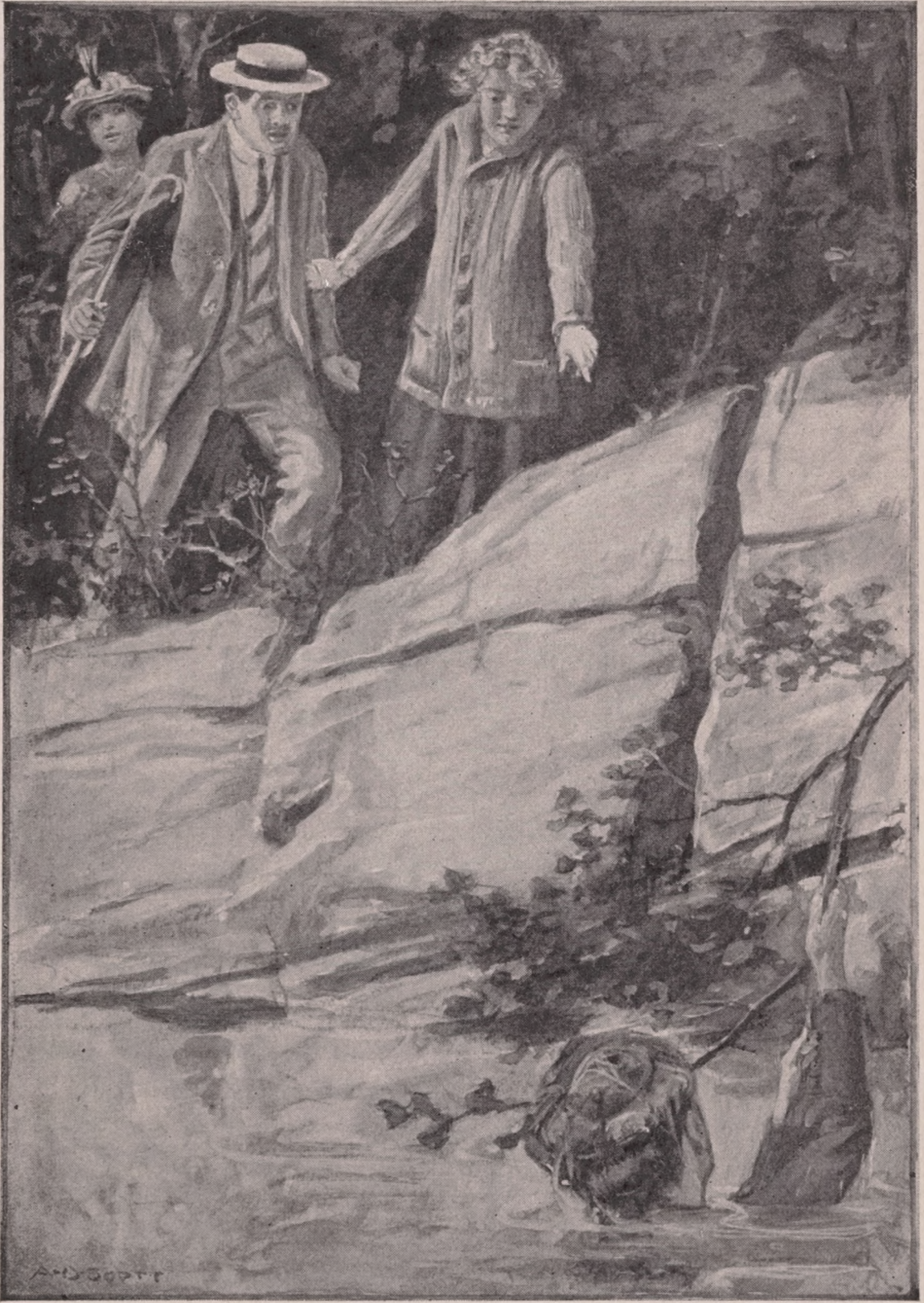
Filled with the romance of these thoughts they chose, without hesitation, at a point where the more traveled path turned inland to avoid a huge craggy boulder which came straight up out of the lake, a lesser path which kept straight on across a dangerous footing on the outer face of the giant rock to the level ground beyond. Jean, waving an imaginary claymore over her shoulder, called out, "Follow me, brave Scots!" and with the skill and ease born of an outdoor life deftly swung herself with the aid of the slight footholds and projections, safely across the perilous spot. Elizabeth valiantly followed, but Jean's instinctive choice of secure holds had never been developed with her and, when half-way to safety, one foot just missed its mark and she became panic-stricken, clutched wildly at the face of the rock, hung for one sickening moment on the almost perpendicular surface, and then with a little shuddering cry dropped the four or five feet into the black water of the lake.

For a moment Jean was terrified and stood as though glued to the spot, then realized how serious the situation was, for Elizabeth could not swim a stroke, and if anything were to be done to save her life, it must be done immediately. Looking around her, as though for inspiration, she caught sight of a birch sapling on the edge of the bank and seizing hold of it with both hands and pressing against it with all the strength of her body she succeeded in bending it down over the spot where Elizabeth had disappeared. Then as she rose from the water Jean cried out to her to grasp it with both hands and hold on until she could get some one to help them. She feared that Elizabeth would be so frightened that she would not understand what she was asking of her, but, as if in answer to Jean's silent prayer, Elizabeth caught at the tree and told Jean she was all right but must have help soon for it was so cold there that she could not stand it long.

As Jean let go of the birch it lifted a little and she felt a new terror seize her for fear Elizabeth's body would not be heavy enough

to keep it down and that she would be obliged to let go her hold as it pulled away from her. But no, after a second's wavering, it settled back in its former position, and with new heart Jean begged Elizabeth to keep up her courage a little longer while she ran out to the main path for help. Reaching it she looked up and down and to her relief she saw coming down the path the young man and woman who had been their uncongenial table companions the evening before. Dashing up to them she grasped them by the arms and uttered only the one word, "Come!" Without replying, but looking at her in amazement, they followed until she led them to the spot where they could see Elizabeth, deathly pale, still clinging to the birch.

Quick as a flash the man's coat and hat were off and jumping into the water he swam to the girl, unclasped her rigid fingers from the tree and holding her head out of the water with his right hand, swam about fifteen feet around the rock where the path dropped close to the surface of the water, and with the help of the two girls lifted her up on the bank.



QUICK AS A FLASH THE MAN'S COAT AND HAT WERE OFF.—*Page 232.*

By this time Elizabeth's strength was completely exhausted, and her head fell back in Jean's lap as she lost consciousness. They chafed her hands and wringing the water from her clothes as best they could wrapped the young man's coat around her shoulders. After what seemed an eternity she opened her eyes and showed signs of returning life. Then for the first time Jean realized how much they owed to this young gentleman who had rescued Elizabeth and she began, in an incoherent way, to pour out her thanks. These were the first words that had passed between them since her single word "Come!" for in such a crisis as this words had been superfluous. After a moment or two the young lady smiled a little and told Jean, in very broken English, that she and her husband were French and he did not understand a word of English and she but very little.

This then was the explanation of their attitude the evening before. Jean felt very much ashamed of her criticism of them, in the light of this explanation and his recent bravery. She tried to think of some words

in French but everything deserted her except, "*Merci beaucoup, Monsieur,*" which she repeated over and over until they both began to laugh, which was just what was needed to break the tension.

Then came the question of how to get Elizabeth back to the hotel. It would be impossible for a conveyance of any kind to come up the narrow path so they must at least get her to the pier before they could hope for help from other sources. Jean and Monsieur Beauchamp, for so the young man was called, were both strong, and decided that they would carry her in an improvised arm-chair for short distances with rests between, and then later on perhaps she could walk slowly if they supported her. They made a start in this manner, and although their progress was very slow they succeeded in reaching the pier, where they placed Elizabeth on a bench and leaving her in the care of the other two, Jean hurried away to find some kind of a conveyance.

Fortunately she did not have to go far before she met a farmer driving a cart of vege-

tables in the direction of the hotel and hailing him she persuaded him to go back to the pier with her and carry Elizabeth along with the vegetables, to the hotel. There was only room on the seat for Elizabeth, so she sat up close to the driver, occasionally dropping her head upon his shoulder as he drove slowly along, his horse apparently being unable to travel any other way. The bride and groom and Jean walked along by the side of the cart and smiled encouragingly at Elizabeth as they tried to talk to her.

Miss Hooper and her newly-made friend, as the afternoon waned, left their comfortable chairs on the piazza and strolled down the road to the lake. Although Miss Hooper gave no signs of it and never would have admitted it, she was getting a little alarmed at the lateness of the hour and the non-appearance of the two girls. Imagine her consternation, when in a bend of the road, she came suddenly upon the strange little procession. Jean explained briefly that Elizabeth had fallen into the water of the lake and Monsieur Beauchamp, being near the spot, had helped

her out. She purposely omitted all the harrowing details, for she knew it would do no good to rehearse them now and alarm Miss Hooper, as now that Elizabeth was recovering so rapidly from the fright of it all, she hoped if she were put directly to bed and kept warm she would be all right in the morning. In silence she alternately offered up little prayers of thankfulness that Elizabeth's life was saved and went over again those awful moments when death had seemed so near. She felt to blame for it all, as she had been the one who proposed taking the dangerous path, and she mentally vowed over and over again that never again would she propose following anything but "the straight and narrow way."

In spite of all she had gone through, when Elizabeth was lifted from the cart at the hotel steps she seemed in admirable spirits and physical condition, but was quite willing to be put to bed and swallow all the hot drinks and medicine which were given to her. She declared she would be herself in the morning and ready to sail down the lake as they had planned.

Sure enough, she was able and except for the lack of color in her face no one would have suspected what she experienced the day before. Miss Hooper suggested that they stay over another day until Elizabeth felt stronger but both girls seemed very anxious to be away from the region which only yesterday had seemed the most beautiful in the world. So Miss Hooper consented, and they took the little morning steamer down Loch Katrine. They were delighted when they found the Beauchamps were to leave at the same time and they kept together during the rest of the trip.

If one had observed carefully he might have noticed that neither girl had much to say at the pier, and both chose places on the steamer where they could not see the path they had taken the day before. Miss Hooper seemed to have divined their feelings, and carefully avoided all reference to the matter but exclaimed over the constantly changing beauty which presented itself to their wondering eyes during the nine-mile sail.

Reaching the end of the lake at Stronach-

lachar, they took a coach for five miles up and down barren hills where countless sheep grazed contentedly. Arriving at Inversnaid, they had a delightful luncheon, and later took another steamer for the twenty-five miles down Loch Lomond, the largest and most beautiful of the lakes. At Balloch, where they were to take the train for Glasgow, they reluctantly bade good-bye to the Beauchamps, who, in spite of the existing difficulties, had proved pleasant companions.

Glasgow did not look at all attractive to them and not one of them had the slightest desire to remain. The plan had been to spend the night there and leave in the morning for the English Lakes. As Miss Hooper went to the ticket-office to make some inquiries about the morning trains she heard a gentleman just ahead of her ask for a week-end ticket for Ayr. When she asked concerning these she found that one could buy tickets the last of the week, good for several days, at greatly reduced prices. This fact, together with the associations the word, Ayr, had suggested to her induced her to buy three week-

end tickets to the town, although she intended starting the next day, Saturday, for Keswick. The girls were always delighted with unexpected trips like this, and entered into them heartily.

Arriving at Ayr, they had no idea where they could spend the night so they walked past one hotel and not finding it to their liking decided to go down some of the neat little side streets and make some inquiries. At the first three houses at which they stopped they were told no boarders were wanted, but at the fourth, a delightful old lady offered them the one room she had, saying she was not in the habit of letting her rooms but she would be glad to accommodate them for one night if she could. They expected to go out to a restaurant for their supper but the hospitable old lady insisted that they should eat with her and her son, who was all that was left to her of a family of ten.

In the morning they took a tram to Alloway to visit the home of Bobbie Burns. The low white cottage has four small rooms, including one where at some time the cattle must have

been kept, for the stalls are still there. The grounds and gardens surrounding the house are beautifully kept and contrast sharply with the poor interior of the house. A little beyond is the cemetery where the poet's father was buried, and the Auld Alloway Kirk and the Burns Monument. Just below this last is the Brig o'Doon. The whole neighborhood is full of the associations of this lowly poet of the heart, but in a quiet, simple way, so different from certain other birthplaces and shrines which seem fairly to shout their traditions in your face.

When they returned to Ayr they found that the dear old Scotch lady had put up a luncheon for them, including a generous supply of scones and cakes, to eat on the train that afternoon, and she seemed fully as sorry to have them leave her as they really were to go. They reached Glasgow a little before one and took an express train for Penrith where they changed for Keswick and arrived there about six o'clock.

All the afternoon both Jean and Miss Hooper had noticed how much color there

was in Elizabeth's cheeks and how her eyes seemed to have lost their brightness. She had very little to say but whenever they asked her if she felt badly she replied to the contrary and smiled sweetly. But after they arrived at their hotel in Keswick and had gone to their rooms to prepare for dinner, Elizabeth said she didn't feel very hungry, her head ached and her throat was a little sore, so she thought she wouldn't go down to the dining-room if they didn't mind. They knew Elizabeth never gave up unless she felt very ill, so they were a little worried, but they hoped that a good night's sleep would leave her all right in the morning.

About ten o'clock that night Elizabeth had such a fever that Miss Hooper became alarmed and went down to the hotel-keeper to ask his advice about a doctor. Fortunately there was a young London doctor and his wife who had arrived the day before, and he would send him directly to Elizabeth's room. After careful examination the doctor said that she had an attack of tonsilitis coming on, but he would do everything in his power to break it up.

Upon asking if she had been exposed to cold or wet recently they told him that she had fallen into the water a few days before and had been greatly frightened. Undoubtedly this was the cause of the trouble, and the excitement of it all had caused her high fever. Miss Hooper and Jean thought it had probably been coming on since that day but she had warded it off by sheer force of will-power. In departing, the doctor advised that Miss Hooper take care of the patient, and that Jean stay away from her for a few days. He promised that he would call in the morning and if they needed him again in the night he hoped they would not hesitate to call him.

Jean did not sleep much that night, for she was very much worried about Elizabeth's condition. She felt as though it were all her fault, and perhaps Elizabeth might be dangerously sick. She wished she might take care of her and save Miss Hooper all the care and anxiety; she meant to ask in the morning if she could take her place. But in the morning she found that Elizabeth was a very sick girl and Miss Hooper would not listen to her

offers of help, saying if it were necessary she would try to hire a trained nurse. So Jean was left to herself and a long, long day it was. She knew she was in the midst of the English Lake region where natural loveliness reigns supreme. She knew there were mountain peaks, peaceful lakes, the homes of Shelley and Southey, and the Crosthwaite church to be seen within a short distance of the hotel but she could not bring herself to visit them alone and so she sat most of the day, dejectedly alone in the little parlor downstairs trying to read, but somehow she could not keep her mind on the story, for it would wander upstairs to the sick girl and the teacher of whom she had grown so fond.

Late in the afternoon, the doctor persuaded her to walk about the town a little with him and his wife and the fresh air and the company did her so much good that she came back to the hotel in better spirits. After supper when the doctor came downstairs from a visit to Elizabeth's room he reported her more comfortable and assured Jean that it would only be a matter of a few days before she

would be up again. Jean felt so encouraged that she took up her book again and sat down in the parlor to read a few chapters before bedtime.

She was deep in the midst of a stirring chapter of Scott's "Heart of Midlothian" when the hotel-keeper came in and said, "Are you Miss Jean Cabot?" When Jean replied that she was he replied, "Well, here's a cablegram that's been following you round for some time. They've just been able to locate you." With a certain fear and hesitation generally associated with telegrams and cablegrams Jean looked at the paper a moment before reading it, but after one hasty glance she dropped her book onto the table, tore up the stairs, stopped outside Elizabeth's room and knocked gently. When Miss Hooper's voice asked, "What is it?" Jean replied, "Don't scold me for coming, but the doctor said Elizabeth was better. Please listen to this:

" 'Expect me in Ireland in August. Will follow your itinerary.

' J. R. CABOT.' "

And then without another word Jean hurried away to her room to think it all over; excited at the prospect of seeing her father, and happier than she had been for many a night.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT IT REALLY MEANT TO BE SEASICK

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth's illness did not prove as serious as had at first been anticipated, it was not until the following week that "the three" were able to leave the little town of Keswick. On account of Jean's cablegram from her father they were anxious to get into Ireland, for he might already be awaiting them somewhere along the proposed itinerary. Because of the unavoidable delay caused by Elizabeth's attack of tonsilitis they felt obliged to cut short their stay in the Lake region, so that instead of the four or five days they had at first intended to spend there they were obliged to be satisfied with a day and a night, spending as much time as possible at Grasmere, the little town so filled with associations of Wordsworth.

They were sailing down Lake Windermere

one morning, at the end of which they were to take the train for Barrow and there catch the boat which crossed the Irish Channel to Belfast, and got to talking with the purser of the small lake steamer. Not being quite sure of the connections they would make, Miss Hooper asked him for information. It developed that a day-boat and a night-boat were running on alternate days and at this time, Monday, they would be obliged to take the night-boat. The purser was not hesitant in adding that the boats were bad enough under any condition, but at night the sleeping accommodations were very poor, and he advised them to wait until they could get a day-boat. They were not particularly pleased with the prospect of spending an evening in Barrow, which, so far as they knew, had nothing of interest to strangers; but still the purser's remarks made them hesitate about the night-boat.

Just a few minutes before they reached Barrow, as the train slowed down and almost stopped for a passing express, Jean's attention was caught by a huge signboard close to the track announcing daily excursions from Bar-

row to the Isle of Man. An alluring picture of a white sandy beach and swimmers sporting in the surf emphasized the attractions of the place and appealed strongly to Jean's love of surf-bathing. She said nothing for a few moments for she was thinking things over, but as the train started again she asked Miss Hooper, "Do you know anything about a place called the Isle of Man? I have never heard of it."

"Yes," replied Miss Hooper, "I know that there is such a place, but know little more about it than that it is a very delightful summer resort for people all over the British Isles. What made you ask about it?"

"I was looking out of the window a few moments ago and saw an attractive sign announcing excursions there and I thought if it were as attractive as the picture on the sign that I should like to go there. Why couldn't we spend the afternoon on the water instead of staying in Barrow and then take the steamer for Belfast to-morrow? I've never heard any one say anything about the place, and I'd like, for a change, to go somewhere that none of

our friends have visited, for it will be much more interesting to tell them something we did that they knew nothing about than to compare notes on London and Chester and all the other places to which everybody goes. I for one vote that we take this little side-trip."

When Elizabeth added her approval Miss Hooper declared that the vote was unanimous and promised to ask the guard at the station for information, and if it were possible they would take the afternoon boat for Douglas, the capital and landing-place of the Isle. At Barrow they found that they could just catch a steamer at the wharf adjoining the station and could spend the night at Douglas and take a morning boat there for Belfast without retracing their steps. This seemed most propitious, for they all had secretly dreaded the trip from Barrow at night and still disliked the idea of losing valuable time by waiting over a whole day without accomplishing anything. So Miss Hooper hurried to buy some tickets, and the girls to the restaurant to buy some sandwiches and fruit, as there would not be time for a regular lunch.

When they boarded the small boat their enthusiasm increased for everything pointed to a delightful afternoon. There was not a cloud in the sky, the sun never shone brighter, and the water was clear and blue. There were not enough passengers to make it uncomfortable, and procuring two deck-chairs and a camp-stool "the three" settled themselves close to the rail in order that they might enjoy to the utmost the beauty of the sail and the fresh breezes from the water. For some unaccountable reason the boat was a long time in starting, so the girls took this time to eat their lunch. Jean was so hungry that she ate a large amount of the fruit, although the others warned her it was rather risky to indulge in that way when she was to spend several hours on the water.

"Why, you don't suppose I could be seasick on this placid water, do you?" said Jean. "It's just like a mill-pond. If I can cross the Atlantic without experiencing that delightful sensation I guess a little sail of three hours doesn't frighten me. Do you people realize that I've never been seasick in my life?"

"Yes," answered Miss Hooper with a smile, "but there's always a first time, though I hope it won't be soon, Jean. Still, I advise you not to eat any more of those apples. They're delicious, I know, but they'll be just as good to-night or to-morrow morning."

It began to grow very hot sitting there in the sun, and they grew impatient as they waited; they feared to get up and walk about lest other passengers, realizing the desirability of their seats, should occupy them in their absence. Finally with an astonishingly loud whistle for such a small boat they were off and soon had left behind them the bustling little wharf. Although the sky was as clear, the sun as bright, and the water as blue as when they first stepped upon the little boat it did not take "the three" half an hour to realize that they were not going to enjoy the trip as much as they had anticipated. In the first place they did not like the motion of the boat; it was not steady like the ocean liner on which they had crossed, or the little lake steamer, but it bobbed up and down on the waves like an egg-shell and the farther away from the wharf it went,

the more it bobbed, for the waves continued to increase in size. Each one of the three had secretly resolved to make the best of the sail, but there was a serious question in their minds as to how long they could stand this ever-increasing motion.

Miss Hooper was pretending to read a newspaper she had bought at the station, Elizabeth was deep in her Baedeker, and Jean was casting last longing glimpses at the receding shore line. They said little and answered each other's questions mostly in monosyllables. Suddenly Jean arose and made a dash for the stern of the boat about fifteen feet away and for the first time in her life realized what the sensation of being seasick was like. She did not attempt to return to her former seat but sat close up to the rail to be ready for an emergency, and then, too, she hardly dared move for fear of a second attack. She did not feel the need of conversation but rather preferred to be by herself. She had heard it said once that if one were seasick the best thing to do was to remain out in the fresh air, so she made up her mind to

stay there, regardless of what happened, until they landed at Douglas.

The sun gradually disappeared; it grew cooler and a little misty, and she wrapped her heavy coat round her and waited for the next attack. Once as she looked in Elizabeth's direction she saw her stagger across the deck and grasping the hand-rail, disappear down the companion-way in the direction of the cabin. Miss Hooper sat in her chair for some time afterward, but finally coming over to where Jean sat asked her if there was anything she could do for her before she went to the cabin to lie down. Jean shook her head and pushed her away, sympathizing out of the depths of her own experience with her but not daring to trust herself to words.

Gradually the small deck was cleared of people, for it had begun to rain, but nothing could have moved Jean from her chosen seat and although the water ran down from her hat, veil and coat and she felt herself getting thoroughly wet through she continued to sit there hoping for relief. The three hours' sail dragged out into five, for it seemed to get

harder and harder for the little boat to make any headway against the waves. Jean strained her eyes to discover the shore ahead of her, but it seemed as though it would never come in sight. She had just about made up her mind that they would have to spend the night on this horrible boat when a steward came over to her with a message from Miss Hooper to the effect that they would land in about fifteen minutes and for her to come below as soon as she could. Welcome as the news was, Jean felt she could not attempt going below until the boat actually stopped, so she asked the steward to reply to Miss Hooper that she would go down as soon as they reached the wharf. So she waited the fifteen minutes alone and afterward declared they were the longest and most miserable fifteen minutes she ever endured.

But at last the boat did stop, and a pale, dejected, rain-soaked girl joined the two below and waited for an opportunity to leave the boat. The stewardess had recommended to Miss Hooper what she considered an ex-

cellent boarding-house and she decided to drive there at once and put herself and the exhausted girls to bed. Hardly had they stepped on the wharf before a horde of ragged, unkempt-looking porters rushed at them and attempted to seize their bags to carry them off the wharf. There was almost a fight before Miss Hooper could choose the least desperate-appearing of them all and allow him to carry the bags. Beyond the wharf it was the same, a multitude of cab-drivers waited to convey them to their destination. Miss Hooper had no idea of the distance to their boarding-house and was too anxious to get there to have any bickering over the financial agreement with the man, so she chose the nearest cab and hurried the girls in and gave the driver the address.

It seemed as though they had hardly settled themselves comfortably before the cab stopped at a well-enough-looking stone house and the man informed them that this was their stopping-place. When they and their baggage were out Miss Hooper asked how

much it would be and could scarcely believe her ears when she heard the man reply, "Crown, miss."

"Crown," she repeated, "what do you mean? We haven't ridden five minutes, it isn't worth half a crown."

"That's the regular price, ma'am, and besides it's raining and we always gets more when it rains."

"It's an imposition, sir," said Miss Hooper, "and I shall not pay it. Here is a half-crown, which you can take or not, just as you please."

The man began to swear at her with such oaths as she had never before heard and glared at her in such a terrifying manner that Jean opened her purse and giving him another half-crown said, "Oh, never mind, Miss Hooper, let him take this, please, only let's get into the house as soon as possible." And as he left them and jumped upon the seat with a diabolical grin they knew they had been imposed upon again but they were glad to be out of his power and resolved that they would not use another cab during their stay there.

A pleasant-appearing woman met them at the door and after satisfactory arrangements were made she led them to their room. They were so happy to find themselves in a room of any kind whatsoever that they did not complain of the narrow dingy back room where they were taken. A glance from the one window showed them that their only outlook was on adjoining tall stone dwelling-houses with a small court between. Their landlady offered to bring up their supper, but all they asked for was toast and tea, which she speedily brought.

Jean declared she could eat nothing but decided to take a hot bath and get into bed. Finally, after a long search, she located the bath-room, but found to her dismay that the warm water would not run and even though it could have done so, the bath-tub was in worse condition even than the one in Edinburgh, and she would not have bathed in it, if she had been assured it would save her life. So there was nothing to do but go to bed and trust that nothing worse than a cold would result from the exposure of the afternoon. She and Elizabeth got into the large

bed and Miss Hooper took the couch near them, which was anything but soft and downy, as couches are expected to be. However it was a place to lay her aching head and body and that was all that counted just then.

There is doubt if any of them slept very soundly through the entire night, but very early in the morning they arose and seemed in wonderfully good condition under the circumstances. "Suppose we go down and see the wonderful beach a few minutes before breakfast," said Miss Hooper.

"Oh, I don't care anything about it," said Jean. "I know I proposed this little side pleasure-trip, Miss Hooper, but it's been the most awful experience I've ever had in that line. I don't want to stay here a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Don't mention beach or anything else to me. All I want is to know when the first boat leaves and I'm ready to start. No one knows how I dread sailing again, but I want to have it over with as soon as possible. Nothing on earth could persuade me to linger here. And such a house! What do you suppose we've

got into? Your friend, the stewardess, must have a queer idea of good places if this is her idea of one. It isn't your fault, Miss Hooper, and I don't want to seem to be complaining but did you ever see anything like it?"

"No," said Miss Hooper, "and I'm just as anxious to leave as you are. But I thought you might like to stay after we had moved to another house and found how beautiful a beach and promenade there was."

"I'm perfectly willing to go," said Jean; "it may be the most beautiful beach in the world, but I've lost all my interest in it now and nothing you could offer me in the way of inducements could make me have any desire to stay another day."

So after packing their suit-cases they went down to breakfast and found they could take a boat in about an hour which would go directly to Belfast. They did not enjoy this meal much better than the one of the night before and they ate sparingly and cautiously and were soon ready to start. They had positively made up their minds to have nothing to

do with cabs or cab-drivers and defiantly scorned every offer of help that was made to them. Hailing a passing tram they boarded it and rode to the wharf, which was as far as the tram went, then, each one carrying a case, and with heads high in the air, although their backs and arms ached from the weight of their burden, they refused all offers of help from the multitude of porters which swarmed the wharf even at this early hour, and finally managed to stagger upon the boat and deposit their cases.

It looked so pleasant in the bright morning sunlight that Jean laughed at Miss Hooper's suggestion to avoid another attack of seasickness by lying down in the stateroom, and declared her seasick days were a thing of the past and she was really going to enjoy this sail, as it was a much larger boat and the water looked as smooth as a mill-pond. Miss Hooper, however, preferred to remain in the cabin and when the boat started she left the girls to enjoy themselves on deck.

As they left the wharf behind them, they realized for the first time the rugged beauty

of the town and its wonderfully smooth white beach dotted with the little portable bath-houses, so peculiar to the place, and both admitted that under more favorable circumstances a stay there might be enjoyable. After the excitement of departure subsided, it began to grow a little rough, as it always does in the Irish Sea, and Jean began to have poignant memories of the day before. Finally she said to Elizabeth, "My courage is all gone, Beth, I'm not going to risk a repetition of yesterday's experience, so, before it's too late, I'm going down to join Miss Hooper. I'm glad you feel so well; you'll have to tell us later about all the exciting things that happen on deck. From what I can see now, the principal excitement seems to be being seasick for a change."

With these words she went slowly below and was just in time to secure the last berth, for many others had been obliged to leave the deck, too. It was a rough passage, but Jean felt so much more comfortable lying down that she did not complain, and simply lay still on her back longing for the trip to be ended.

At last, of course, they reached Belfast, the first Irish city they were to visit, and very happy they were to be on terra firma again. As they walked up the long pier all three of them were on the lookout, even then, for Mr. Cabot. Jean declared she was so dizzy she couldn't see straight and felt the motion of the boat as much as she did when they were on it but she wouldn't give up and declared she would fight it off by staying out all the afternoon to see the city.

When they had gone but a short distance up the pier they caught sight of armed soldiers stationed here and there amid a great crowd of loafers. Upon inquiring the cause they found the city was in the midst of a great strike, all the longshoremen and truck-drivers having just struck for higher wages, and they had become so violent that the troops had been called out to protect the city. Although they feared no harm from this serious condition of affairs, "the three" were glad they were to remain there only long enough to buy some of the linens for which the city is famous.

At the end of the pier Jean exclaimed, "Oh, what is that? I do believe it's an Irish jaunting-car. I've seen pictures of them many times but I never expected to ride in one. Can't we hire one to ride to the hotel?"

They had no difficulty in procuring one, for there seemed to be no other means of conveyance and soon they had taken their places in the little two-wheeled carts and were bounced up and down over the pavements as they left the pier and the shipping district behind them and drove in the direction of their hotel. They were not sorry to alight, however, from the car for their physical condition did not particularly welcome unnecessary jouncing at this time and walking in the future seemed preferable.

After lunch they hurried to the shopping district and soon found themselves before a bewildering array of linens such as they had never seen before. It was a great temptation to buy, but their suit-cases were already very heavy and their trunks had been sent to Dublin. Still they could not resist, and before they realized it they had bought so much

that it would be necessary to have it sent by express to Dublin. Leaving the linen stores, they discovered some more wonderful bargains in gloves, and after their purchases Elizabeth declared that Jean had bought enough to give a pair to every girl in college.

On their way back to the hotel they were held up by a whole regiment of soldiers patrolling the lower business section of the city, for a new danger threatened there. "The three" stood upon the steps of a bank where they had cashed some checks earlier in the afternoon and watched the soldiers, with a crowd of tag-rag men, women, and children at their heels, pass by and then they walked slowly back to their hotel.

"Well," said Jean as they arose from the dinner table that evening, "here we are in Ireland, but there's no message from father. I don't see how he's ever going to find us. Wouldn't it be awful if we should miss him? I can't say that I admire his way of doing things; why couldn't he be more definite?"

"Oh, Jean, I'm sure he'll find us all right," said Miss Hooper, "you sent him the list of

hotels we should probably stop at in your letter addressed in care of the American Express Company, and I'm sure he'll go there immediately upon landing. We have planned for almost three weeks in Ireland and this is only our first day. Just keep up your courage, and keep your eyes open, and I'm positive you'll see him before very long. You young people can stay up as long as you care to, but I believe I'll go to bed very soon. I'm willing to take the first train in the morning for Dublin. How about you?"

The girls were of the same opinion, and said they would retire very soon but they had bought so many post-cards that day which they wanted to send on the next boat that they must be attended to that evening or it would be too late. So Miss Hooper left them and hastened to her room to reread a certain telegram that she had received that day, unknown to the girls, which read as follows:

" Surprise Jean. Will meet at Killarney.

" J. A. CABOT."

CHAPTER XII

THROUGH THE GAP OF DUNLOE

WHEN they reached Dublin, they were delighted with their first view of the city, but as they had decided to leave real sight-seeing there until their return in a week or so, they only took passing glances at the interesting things in the immediate vicinity of their hotel and the bank where they went for their mail.

Still no letter or cable from Mr. Cabot, and Jean was disappointed at that and also at the fact that they had received no letters from Bob Bowker and Jack Raymond, who, in spite of their promises to write, had sent them nothing as yet. There was a note from Don Far-
ingdon asking if they would let him know the date of their sailing from Liverpool, for he hoped to be able to see them off, as his uncle had found he would have business there the

early part of September and had invited him to accompany him. Jean was delighted with this information, for it would give her an opportunity to introduce the young fellow to her father, who always enjoyed meeting her friends.

A long, thin business envelope in the same mail contained a report of Jean's marks for her first year at Ashton, and, although it was not what one would have called brilliant, it delighted her beyond measure for she found she had not only passed in all her subjects, but she had received a credit in music and a higher mark in her French than she had ever believed it possible for her to obtain. When she showed the report to Miss Hooper she said with a smile, "I'd be perfectly satisfied now if there was a mark in mathematics there among the others, but wait and see what a high mark I'll have next year. Why! I may surprise you yet and major in math. before I'm through. It wouldn't surprise me any more than my French mark."

When they got into their compartment the next day on the way to Killarney, they were

traveling third class now, in order that they might see something of the interesting people of the country, to their great delight they found themselves seated near a little group of Gaelic children who had been taken by the village priest down to Dublin the week before to take part in an exhibition held there for the purpose of creating new interest in the Gaelic language spoken in the northern parts of Ireland and Scotland. There was not a dull moment during the long ride, for the girls soon became friends with some of the children and through an older girl who acted as an interpreter they persuaded them to sing and recite and write in this interesting old language which is fast disappearing. Needless to say, the priest did not enter into the conversation, for he seemed perfectly content to sit back in one corner of the compartment reading his prayer-book and telling his beads and casting only occasional glances in the direction of his protégés in order to assure himself that they were not becoming noisy or troublesome. With real reluctance "the three" saw the little group leave the train at

a tiny station some fifty miles from where they were to alight.

At Killarney station they found themselves a part of the happy, jostling crowd of pleasure-seekers waiting to be conveyed to their hotels. With others, they helped fill a 'bus and were driven quickly through the very greenest country they had ever seen to the Lake Hotel, a capacious building on the shore of the lowest of the three lakes of Killarney and commanding a wonderful view of the surrounding mountains. They all agreed it was more attractive even than in the Trossachs, for there was a fresh green verdure everywhere here that was lacking in the other region.

Early the next morning they joined a party which was going through the Gap of Dunloe, and left the hotel at about half-past nine o'clock in a small tally-ho to drive the five miles to the opening of the pass or Gap, as it is called there. The driver was a jovial young Irish fellow brim-full of information and quite ready to impart it to all who would listen. Not far from the hotel, out on a

lonely road, they overtook an old Irish beggar playing sweetly upon a flute. Jean wondering what the piece might be, asked the driver if he knew the name of it. Quick as a flash she received the answer, "Oh, sure, mum, it's a tune." Later on when he found out that Jean was from America he said with tears in his eyes, "Sure, mum, I've a brother in America. Do you know him?" "Indeed," said Jean, "and where does he live?" "In Australia," answered the driver with all the seriousness in the world and Jean hadn't the heart to laugh or correct him, and simply said she didn't know him.

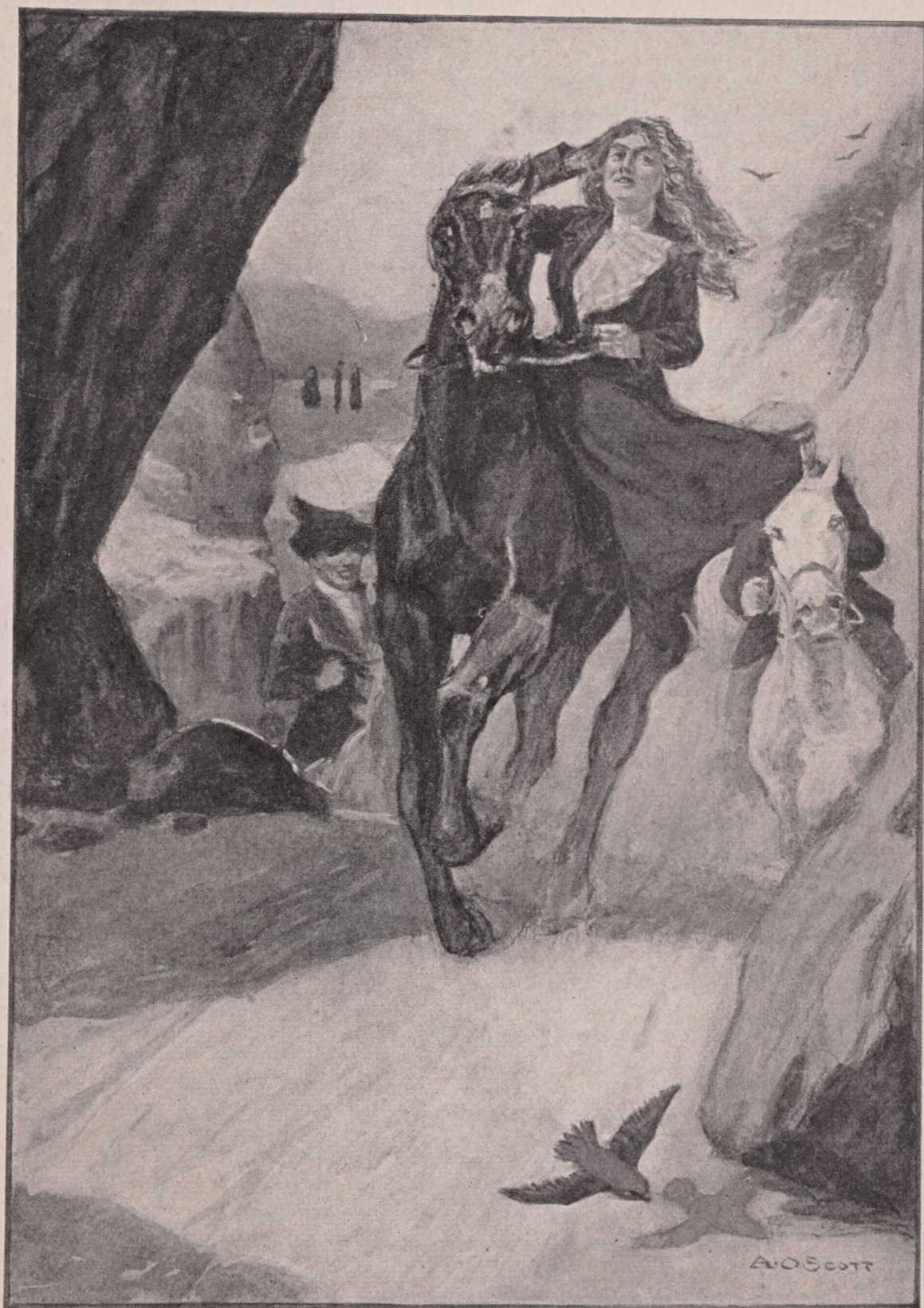
Before they had covered four miles of the five they were met by numerous reckless men, riding on black, wild-looking Irish ponies, who asked the passengers of the tally-ho to hire their ponies to ride on through the pass. They were joined by others all along the way and by the time they reached Kate Kearney's Cottage at the foot of the pass they were fairly surrounded by them. Jean and Miss Hooper with most of the others, had decided to ride, for they were very fond of horse-

back-riding and were assured by the driver that the horses were perfectly safe, although their appearance was much against them. They tried to persuade Elizabeth to ride, too, but she declared she would not, for never having been on a horse in her whole life she did not wish to experiment with these wild horses in a mountain pass. Her sentiments were echoed by a young German and his mother who were of the hotel party and together they watched those on horseback depart before starting out on their tramp. They were soon left behind by the dashing riders and the last Elizabeth saw of Jean she was leading the gay cavalcade, her hat off and her hair beginning to fall down over her shoulders.

Elizabeth soon discovered that Herr Weimar's mother could speak no English, but the young man himself was a university graduate and spoke English and French quite as well as his own language. In fact, he admitted to Elizabeth that except when talking with his mother he used English entirely for he found he got much better service, even in

some of the hotels of his own country. As a result, their conversation became very interesting in spite of the fact that Frau Weimar could not enter into it except to answer an occasional "*Ja*" to her son's questions.

As the pass wound through the rocky mountains it became steeper and harder to climb and it was not long before Frau Weimar became exhausted and declared she could not take another step. The three sat down by the side of the road and waited for a returning horseman to pass them, in spite of the fact that Frau Weimar protested violently at the suggestion that she should cover the remainder of the distance on the back of one of those wild horses. They did not have long to wait, and the son bargained with the driver for the use of the horse for the rest of the way and with great difficulty the mother was lifted to the saddle. Her rather bulky proportions were not exactly suited for horseback-riding, and it is doubtful if she had ever had much experience in that line, but anything seemed preferable to her walking the rest of the distance or sitting indefinitely



JEAN WAS LEADING THE GAY CAVALCADE.—Page 271.

alone by the roadside in the midst of desperate strangers who understood not a word she said; for it was plain to see that her son was determined to finish the walk with the attractive young American whom the mother was already watching a little jealously. Finally she started off with the driver leading the horse by the bridle, long whip in hand in case he should need to urge the weary beast of burden along the way. Very reluctantly she left her son and Elizabeth behind, and began to cast frightened glances at the driver in whose power for good or evil, she felt herself to be, and then anxious ones at her only son, who, for the first time in their whole summer's trip together, had left her for a fair young stranger.

They, on the other hand, were enjoying the tramp through the heart of the mountains and marveled at the grandeur and beauty around them. Sometimes the lofty peaks seemed towering directly over them and sometimes they stood on the very edge of a little mountain lake. Occasionally they passed through little showers of rain drops but they

were both used to them now and did not mind them in the least, indeed it was a little refreshing to their faces, burning from exposure to the sun and the wind. The last half of the way they were beset with beggars with pitiful stories and far more pitiful faces and rags, asking for a few pennies in exchange for coarse hand-knit woolen stockings, or a sip of "mountain dew," known more commonly in other localities as whiskey; and once a group of old men sat by the roadside and begged for a penny in return for which the givers might hear the echo caused by an explosion of gunpowder which they had in a large bottle close beside them. Little children, hardly old enough to talk, lisped, "Penny for the poor," and ran out from most unexpected places and followed so persistently that one gladly threw them a penny to get rid of them. Poverty, misery, degradation, were everywhere, and while pity at the moment urged generosity, one felt positive that every penny given went to help fill another whiskey bottle.

Before they had started through the pass

they had been told that the distance was six miles, but it had meant six Irish miles, which are equivalent to eight or nine English miles, and toward the end of the tramp Elizabeth began to get very tired but she would sooner have dropped to the ground than have complained to her walking companion who seemed as fresh as when they had begun, but with more and more frequent rests they finally came to the end of the pass and saw the lake and the peaceful valley below them. As they neared the groups of people sitting or standing on the grass near the boat landing on the edge of the lake, they did not first discover Jean or Miss Hooper but after waiting a little while Elizabeth was exceedingly astonished to see them appear on a little cross-road accompanied by Bob Bowker and Jack Raymond. Very gladly they welcomed Elizabeth, and she then introduced Herr Weimar, but he very soon excused himself and went in search of his mother whom, as yet, he had not been able to locate.

The others compared notes on their experiences, each one declaring his own to have

been the most enjoyable, and then Elizabeth drew Jean one side and asked how it happened that Bob and Jack were with them. Jean explained that she had chosen a particularly lively horse and riding far ahead of the others, had reached the end of the pass first. As she was about to dismount she had some difficulty with the stirrup and on looking around for help, discovered just ahead of her some one whose back looked very familiar, but for the moment she had no idea who it was. Riding up to him it had taken but one glance to convince her that it was Bob, and just ahead of him was Jack. Telling them of her dilemma they promptly helped her to dismount although it took them several seconds to recover from their surprise at seeing her there, particularly with her hair flying wildly about in every direction. She admitted she was a little embarrassed, too, for at the parting with Bob in London things had been a little strained and in the meantime his lack of letters had shown that he evidently was not anxious to continue their friendship. Then, too, she was a little ashamed at the

thought of her hair in its disheveled condition, for she always prided herself on her neat appearance. But she was a sensible girl and determined to overlook such little things and make the best of the circumstances. After looking in vain on the ground for some hair-pins she was forced to braid her hair and let it hang down her back, a fact which seemed greatly to distress her but undoubtedly won the approval of the others, for under these circumstances one realized the beauty of Jean's luxuriant golden hair. The two boys were about to take a boat down the lakes, but Jean had invited them to wait for Elizabeth and Miss Hooper, so that they could all make the trip together. After Miss Hooper's arrival they waited a long time and then wandered to a neighboring cottage for some water to drink, thinking they would have time before Elizabeth came in sight, but she had arrived sooner than they expected and consequently had been obliged to wait for them.

The hotel-keeper had promised to send up luncheon for the entire party by the boatmen who were to convey the party down the lakes,

so Miss Hooper called the two girls to her and then guided the young people toward the men whom she saw just unloading a hamper of lunch-boxes. After procuring their share they sat down on the cool green grass at the water's edge and ravenously devoured the delicious luncheon which had been prepared for them. Soon after, the boatmen announced in shrill tones that the boats would start in fifteen minutes and Miss Hooper's party were among the first to step into the largest boat, which would be the first to start. The boats were enormous flat-bottomed affairs rowed by four strong men, each man having an oar. There were about ten people in each boat in addition to the rowers, and Elizabeth was glad when the German and his mother took the last seats in their boat.

There were three lakes, upper, middle, and lower, covering a distance of about fourteen miles, and between middle and lower lake they were obliged to shoot some rapids. This was great fun for the young folks and had no danger, or at least no one admitted that it had. When they went into the lower lake

they found it covered with whitecaps and it was with great difficulty that the men could make any headway against the waves. The spray began to dash up over the sides of the boat and fear to settle in the hearts of most of the occupants. Conversation lagged, for every eye was upon the sturdy boatmen who were making a desperate struggle to gain the landing in front of the hotel. One would have believed it impossible for this lake, so placid when they left it in the morning to have become so soon a raging, miniature sea.

At last they passed the most dangerous part and reached the little cove near the wharf. By this time people from the hotel had come out on the shore to watch the boats and a great cheer went up when at last a successful landing was made. With grateful hearts the ten people stepped upon land again and looked back at the other three boats which had followed them. It was fully an hour before the last boat-load was landed, and only then did the rest of the people go back to the hotel.

Although Bob and Jack had been staying at a small hotel in the center of the town and

intended to leave that evening, they were prevailed upon (without much difficulty) to spend the night at the Lake Hotel in order that they might have an evening together in that picturesque country. After an early dinner the four young people walked to Muckross Abbey, not far from the hotel, and found an interesting ruin, covered with the shining green ivy which grows so abundantly there. They lingered amid the beauty longer than they had intended and on their return found it was beginning to get dark. As they hurried up a path of the hotel grounds they saw two people walking slowly toward them and Elizabeth thought she recognized Miss Hooper's voice. Just then the piazza lights were switched on and a ray of light fell just across the faces of the two approaching. In a moment Jean exclaimed, "Oh, it's my father, with Miss Hooper! Excuse me, please," and she rushed forward and in a moment was in his arms.

It took several moments to recover from her surprise and joy and then she remembered to introduce her friends. Her father eyed

the young men very carefully as fathers are apt to do, but evidently they met his approval for he smiled jovially and seemed really glad to know them. It developed that he had just arrived on an evening train and was so impatient to see Jean that he insisted upon finding her before he ate his dinner. Now that he had seen her, he was ready to eat, for he admitted that he was hungry, and he commanded that the others should come into the dining-room and have dinner all over again with him.

By this time all the other guests had left the room and it was long after the dinner hour but the head-waiter was perfectly willing (for the astonishingly generous tip he received) to reset a small table for the party and serve them a dinner fit for a king. No one but Mr. Cabot did justice to the dinner, however, for the others were kept so busy answering his questions that they could not have eaten if they had had the slightest inclination to do so. Still they were all happy, very happy, and the evening passed before they realized it. Although it was very late before

they left the table and went into the long drawing-room, no one seemed at all disturbed, for Miss Hooper and her party were to spend a day or two at this delightful hotel and the boys were not to leave until the following noon, so early rising was not imperative for any of them and they might not have such another perfect evening as this to enjoy. The moon had risen late that night, and between eleven and twelve its brightness shone across the lake, so putting on their coats the little group went out upon the piazza to drink in the beauty of the night. At last it came time to say good-night and reluctantly the party broke up and went to their rooms.

As Jean and Elizabeth got into bed Elizabeth said, "Jean, it seems to me Miss Hooper didn't appear at all surprised at your father's coming here. Do you suppose she knew anything about it?"

"I thought the same thing," answered Jean, "and if I didn't love Miss Hooper so much I might be just a little jealous. Father really did seem very glad to meet her again."

And in another room on the floor above

Jack was saying to Bob, "You're pretty hard hit, old man, but I don't know that I blame you, she's a mighty fine girl. It's hard luck, though, you're not going back to America this fall instead of staying over for a course at Oxford. Better change your mind and take your degree at Harvard, then you'll be much nearer Ashton. 'Out of sight, out of mind,' you know."

In yet another room as Mr. Cabot lay in his bed watching the moonlight stream into his room, he said, "Now I know why I was so anxious to join this personally conducted party. And she seemed rather glad to see me, too."

And Miss Hooper closing her weary eyes smiled to herself as she thought, "I wonder why he sent the telegram to me. But I'm very glad he did."

CHAPTER XIII

LAST DAYS IN IRELAND

“**W**AKE up there, Jack,” said Bob late the next morning, “I would a word with thee.”

“That’s all right, Bob,” answered Jack, rubbing his eyes, “have a dozen, but why this unearthly hour?”

“It isn’t unearthly, old man, it’s nearly noon and we’re supposed to start from here before long. But that’s just what I wanted to talk to you about. What do you suppose Jean would say if we asked permission to travel with them as far as Dublin? That coaching trip of eighty miles sounds mighty good to me.”

“Why,” said Jack, “I don’t suppose Jean would object very strenuously, but her father and Miss Hooper might have something to say about the matter. It’s up to you. I’m

perfectly willing to follow wherever you lead. You might as well beard the lion in his den. It won't do you any harm to get some experience in asking favors of the old man, you may want to ask him for something else before very long, judging by the way you're rushing things nowadays. Strikes me though, he's in a pretty amiable mood just now, and it wouldn't surprise me if he had his eyes on Miss Hooper. Can't say I blame him. She's some looker, isn't she? If I were a little older or she a little younger I rather think I'd enter into that running myself."

"Quit your jollying, old man. But now seriously, you can stay in bed as long as you want to, and I'm going down and see if I can find Jean, and if she approves of my plan, I'm going straight to the other two and have it out. If they object to our charming society being thrust upon them, they can say so, and we'll take the noon train as we planned yesterday. So long. I'm off."

Jean was delighted with Bob's plans and paved the way for him by seeing her father first; and so it happened that both he and

Miss Hooper gave their consent to the young men joining their party, for they both enjoyed young people, and even if they had wished, they could have found nothing to object to in these two splendid specimens of young American manhood.

There was plenty to do all day in the little town; Mr. Cabot hired a carriage and Miss Hooper, Elizabeth, and Jack rode with him while Jean and Bob followed on horseback. It was too beautiful out in the splendid air to think of going indoors for sight-seeing so the only stop they made was at a convent on their return in order that the feminine portion of the party might see some lace makers at work and purchase a little Irish crochet from the sisters for their next summer's gowns. In the evening there was a musicale in the hotel, which had been arranged for the benefit of a local charity and the entertainment of the many guests. Jean had been invited to play and had accepted only because her father seemed so anxious to have her do so, for as he said, it was a long time since he had heard her play.

He and the others sat back in a secluded corner during the whole evening and found much to enjoy and applaud in all the numbers on the programme, but when Jean, in a simple white gown, seated herself at the grand square piano and began to play, her father was not the only one who began to take more interest in the concert and listen more attentively. She played as she always did, very naturally and simply, yet in a masterly way that showed she had the instrument under perfect control. When she finished Mr. Cabot turned to Miss Hooper and said, "Don't blame me if I'm proud of my little girl, for I am, every moment of my life. But I don't take any credit of it to myself. She's always been a good girl, just naturally good because she couldn't help being, but I can see that she's changed this year, and I know that it's college that has given her the one thing we boys couldn't seem to find. I tell you, it's mighty hard for any girl to have to grow up without knowing what it is to have a mother. I realize you've done a lot for her yourself, Miss Hooper, and I thank you for it with all my heart, and

if there's ever anything I can do to repay you for all your goodness, I shall never rest until I've done it." Miss Hooper could not reply for just then Jean joined them and the others arose, for her encore had ended the musicale. It was another beautiful moonlight night but they did not stay out long to enjoy it, for they had planned an early start for the next morning.

Directly after breakfast, the great coach drew up before the hotel and was immediately filled with those who were to take the eighty-mile coaching trip through the wild mountains and peaceful valleys that lay beyond the Lakes of Killarney. The first day forty miles were to be covered and the stop-over night made at Glengariff; then on the next day they would ride forty miles more before they reached Macroom where the train was to be taken for Cork. After stopping at several of the hotels in the center of the town for other passengers they began to ascend the winding road, and soon had left the green valley and the beautiful lakes behind them, except for an occasional glimpse of them through openings along the way.

Higher and higher they went, through wilder and ever wilder country without sign of habitation. Then unexpectedly they would come upon tiny villages with their bits of shanties where chickens, pigs, and sometimes a cow seemed to be as much at home as the woman in the doorway. The men, and quite as often the women and children, could be seen working in peat bogs, or occasionally hoeing corn in a diminutive corn field. Then again they passed magnificent shooting-boxes of English gentlemen who let out the surrounding land in such tiny bits that from the top of a hill it looked more like a patchwork quilt than anything else. Heather-covered slopes, as beautiful as any in Scotland, furnished ample opportunity for beggars to thrive, as children of all sizes ran after the coach offering generous bunches of both the pink and white bloom for a penny apiece. If pennies were not forthcoming immediately, the little beggars would run for miles until in sheer desperation some one would throw a handful of coins, declaring positively it would be the last.

Varying emotions filled the hearts of the passengers, for one moment they would be impressed with the vast extent of land going to waste for lack of cultivation, and then the next moment the stony character of the soil would show them the impossibility of getting anything but a scanty crop of potatoes from such ground. A wild natural beauty everywhere, but with it all, poverty, ignorance, and misery. Is it any wonder that the youth of this peasantry leaves it all and goes to the land of opportunity and wealth where, in their estimation, one has but to pick up the gold from the street and fill his pockets? But alas for the desolate land they have left behind them and the poor mothers and fathers still struggling to get a living from the soil!

For luncheon the first day they stopped at a barren-looking building called by the driver a hotel, but in marked contrast to the luxurious Lake Hotel they had just left. After a hasty repast, hasty, because there was so little that was palatable, they were glad to leave the dark dining-room behind and explore the tiny island, in a small adjoining lake, which once

had been the retreat of some persecuted priests. An old, bent guide led them carefully about, explaining as he did so the historical events connected with the island, and although they marveled sometimes at his remarks, they said nothing. A tiny chapel now stands upon the spot where once a cave protected these religious enthusiasts and one wonders where enough people come from in this apparently uninhabited district to attend the regular services which are said to be held there.

Leaving the chapel with the relics, the old guide began, "Now as long ago as the time William the Conqueror came into England," and as he paused Elizabeth said, "Can you tell us, good man, just when William the Conqueror did come into England?" The old man with all the assurance of his previous information replied, "Yes, miss, about the — er — er — seventeenth century." And then and there paying him their sixpences they dispensed with his services, preferring to rely upon their own general knowledge for historic data than upon this poor old man whose eyesight and memory both seemed to be failing him.

Following a little by-path they came suddenly upon a large rock covered with rusty wire hairpins, safety-pins, an occasional long pin with black or white head, and buttons of many varieties. Pondering over the reason for such simple things being placed here with so much apparent care, they called back the old guide and inquired of him. With bowed head and a low voice he informed them that this stone was a shrine, and these the offerings of sinners for propitiation of their sins or sacrifices for blessings asked of God. Then for the first time the real poverty of these people struck them, for how much has a person to call his own when as a sacrifice to his God he offers up a wire hairpin or a black-headed pin?

The afternoon passed without incident, and they arrived at Glengariff in time for dinner, and glad they all were to get out and walk a little, for riding forty miles on a stretch in a not too comfortable coach is not conducive to absolute bodily comfort. Early again the next morning they started off for the second half of their journey, which, because of new

passengers who filled the coach and the ever-changing scenery was just as interesting as the other half had been. When they arrived at the hotel for their noonday stop, the driver informed them that they had made such good time coming from Glengariff, that they would stop two hours, as he wanted to have two horses shod at a blacksmith's near by. He recommended to them a spring and a waterfall in the woods back of the hotel and said there would be plenty of time to visit them before luncheon, as it was only twelve then, and luncheon was served at one. He charged them to be ready at two o'clock, sharp, for he wanted to start surely by that time.

Every one on the coach, excepting Elizabeth and Miss Hooper and Mr. Cabot, started out for the spring, after leaving their luggage at the hotel. When they came back just as the bell was sounding for luncheon they gave such graphic accounts of the beauty of the falls and the excellence of the water in the spring near by that Mr. Cabot suggested to Miss Hooper and Elizabeth that they hurry through their luncheon and go up to see the

falls, for there would be plenty of time before two o'clock. Elizabeth begged off as she had a headache, but the other two started up the path back of the hotel, as those left behind tried to give them directions for a short cut to save time.

Luncheon was over; the coach drove up into the yard; passengers took their seats; the driver cracked his whip and announced his intention of starting but Mr. Cabot and Miss Hooper had not returned. Jean and Elizabeth and the boys walked anxiously up and down in front of the coach, taking turns to run to the path to look for the missing ones, but it was no use. It got to be half-past two, and still they did not come. Passengers on the coach took out their watches and anxiously consulted the driver; there were trains to be taken at Macroom, and unless they started soon it would be impossible to arrive in time. Much was at stake and everybody realized it, so finally at quarter of three the driver said to Jean, "Very sorry, Miss, but we cannot wait any longer. You see I must get the coach to Macroom on time or I lose my job. Sorry to

leave you here but it seems to me there's nothing else to do. You can take the coach tomorrow. Will that be all right?"

Jean replied that it would, but she was very much alarmed about the two who had not returned for she could not imagine what had happened to them. So with real disappointment they watched the coach disappear over the hill and then they went up on the piazza for a consultation. Just as they were on the point of organizing a rescuing party Mr. Cabot and Miss Hooper came hurrying up to them with anxious faces. "Has the coach gone?" they both asked at once. When they were informed that it had, Mr. Cabot was very angry at first but he calmed down when they explained the reason to him. Then he declared that he would hire a carriage to drive them fast enough to catch up with the coach which had been gone so short a time. But upon inquiring he found he could not hire a conveyance of any sort and there was nothing to do but remain there a whole day and wait for the next coach.

After the excitement had subsided and his

good-humor returned some one ventured to ask how it happened that it took them so long when the others had gone and returned before luncheon in twenty minutes. Miss Hooper explained that they thought they were following Bob's directions for the short cut and took the path he indicated. In some way they must have become so interested in the conversation that they neglected to turn to the right but followed the path to the left. Soon they found themselves in the midst of dense woods with no sign of spring or waterfall. They did not know what to do but decided to keep on until they should come to an opening where they could get a view of the surrounding country and take the nearest way back to the hotel.

They kept on walking until it seemed as though they would never get out of the woods but of a sudden they saw an opening ahead and just beyond that a tiny cottage. Going up to the cottage they looked in through the open door and to their astonishment saw a woman lying on some straw on the mud floor. Huddled up to her were several children and

in one corner, perfectly unconscious of the fact that a woman lay dying, a pig and some chickens were trying to scratch enough for their noonday meal. They declared they had never seen such a pitiable sight in their lives, and although they knew they ought to hurry back to the waiting coach, they hated to leave the cottage without attempting to help in some way. The oldest girl pointed out the main path to the hotel and told them they had taken a winding one through the thickest part of the woods, and she offered to go back with them part way if they wished, so they wouldn't make a mistake again. Accepting this offer, Mr. Cabot left some money in the poor woman's hands and promised himself that he would leave orders at the hotel for more to be done for this wretched family, deserted by the husband and father when discouragement seemed greater than he could stand. So perhaps, Miss Hooper said, it was a fortunate thing that they had missed the coach, for now they could all go back and attempt to alleviate the suffering they had come upon so unexpectedly. So the enforced

wait did not prove at all monotonous, for it was spent in doing good and bringing hope and relief to a destitute family.

They took the coach next day for Macroom and arrived in the little market town about four o'clock. Fortunately it was market day and they were just in time to see the last of the excitement. The people for miles around, once a week, bring in their fruits, vegetables, chickens, and pigs in little low carts drawn by a donkey, or a horse, if one is rich enough, and exchange them for grain and groceries. It is an interesting sight to see the wares spread over the sidewalks and edges of the streets or in the carts, in the section of the town where are the few small shops, and guarded by the women in their coarse woollen dresses and the inevitable black shawl over their heads. There is a feeling of friendliness among them all as they exchange greetings and wares and renew acquaintances. The men are in the minority, for it is the women who run the farms and do the trading. It was amusing as the afternoon wore on to see one old woman after another hitch the donkey

into the little box-like cart and after putting in a bag of meal, take her seat upon it and then drive off, with perhaps a few fine chickens in beside her or a box of cabbages tucked up close to the meal, a smile upon her hard, deep-lined face, as she waved good-bye to those left behind. The only excitement of their whole life was on market days and nothing but toiling from morning till night on all the others. They rode up to Cork with a feeling of admiration for these hard-working women, and a deep sympathy for the whole peasantry of Ireland.

At Cork it was quite different, for here was a prosperous city with modern buildings and improvements everywhere. What interested them most was Blarney Castle, a few miles out of the city itself. As they rode out on the train they were talking about kissing the famous Blarney Stone and thought it would be a very simple matter and then as a reward be filled for evermore with wit, eloquence, and blarney. But in reality it was quite different from what they had expected and very difficult. A narrow, winding pas-

sageway led up to the top of the tower of the castle and by the time one had climbed this, he realized he had accomplished something. But a greater difficulty awaited him, for if he would press his chaste lips upon the sacred spot he must practically be held by his feet and swing down over the edge of the wall, and then after the act was performed he must be carefully drawn up again. None of the party were quite ready, as yet, to risk their lives and decided it were sufficient to kiss the stone by proxy. So each one by turn kissed the end of an umbrella which Mr. Cabot carried and placed that upon the spot, and considered they had come near enough the requirements to win everlasting wit for themselves.

There was much to be seen in Cork and Dublin and they lingered wherever fancy prompted them. The two boys left them on their arrival at Dublin and went over into England again, after promising to see them off at Liverpool, September sixteenth. Mr. Cabot insisted upon seeing everything worth while and under the most favorable circum-

stances; everything that money could buy was showered upon them until even Jean began to protest. No one at home was forgotten and present after present filled up the suit-cases and trunks. Mr. Cabot declared that he felt obliged to do in a very short time enough to make up for their entire summer's shopping, but in spite of the haste he delighted the feminine eye with his excellent taste in purchases. He was happy — that was evident in everything he did and said — and his happiness radiated to all those with whom he came in contact. Jean declared she never remembered seeing her father quite like this before, but she did not admit, even to Elizabeth, just what she thought was the cause of all this happiness. She wanted to be quite sure before she committed herself, and in the meantime she had her weather-eye out and was watching to see which way the wind blew.

At last came the day to leave Ireland, the land which "the three" agreed was the most attractive in its natural beauty and people, and which for many reasons they had enjoyed most of all. Jean admitted that if she ever

came to the point of choosing an ideal spot for a honeymoon she should choose the Lakes of Killarney; but the others had nothing to say on the subject of honeymoons, no matter what they may have been thinking thereon. They had to cross the Irish Sea again from Dublin to Holyhead, but Miss Hooper and Jean were wise enough to remain in their staterooms, and so escaped any return of *mal-de-mer* which had been so persistent in its endeavors to prevent their enjoying those waters. Mr. Cabot and Elizabeth, on the other hand, remained out on deck and declared they enjoyed every minute of the trip except of course when they missed the others and wished they were able to join them. Elizabeth maintained that there wasn't a ripple, but Jean refused to believe it and said that from where she was she knew it was as bad as it had been on the previous crossings.

As they left the boat and boarded the train for Liverpool, Jean exclaimed, "There, thank goodness, that's over. I've been on that Sea three times and I never want to go again as long as I live."

"Eh! What's that?" said her father with a quizzical smile. "How about that honeymoon I heard you planning out this morning? How will you get to the Lakes of Killarney if you don't cross the channel?"

"Don't worry, father, by the time I have an opportunity of spending a honeymoon anywhere, airships will be so common that my husband will have one of his own and we'll think nothing of flying over to Killarney."

They spent two days in Liverpool and Mr. Cabot ran up to London on a little matter of business, but it afterward developed that he was interested in a certain purchase there that he seemed unable to make in Liverpool. Early on the morning of the sixteenth they went down to the boat to see that everything was in readiness for their departure in the afternoon. Although Jean had heard nothing from Don Faringdon since she wrote him the note telling him the date they would sail, she expected him at the boat. Of course she expected Bob and Jack, too, and she did hope Bob would be friendly with Don, for she saw no reason why they couldn't all be good

friends. Bob had been so good-natured in Ireland that she hoped it would be the same here. She liked all three of the boys and John Blair, too, for different reasons, and nothing more than good friendship and camaraderie had entered into her sensible little head, but she did hope Bob wouldn't be foolish.

Their staterooms were quite different from what they were when they had left New York, for there were no letters or packages or flowers, except some roses Mr. Cabot had given them. But when Bob and Jack came they brought a big box of candy, and flowers for each of "the three," and made them deck themselves out with the latter. Jean looked in vain for Don, of whom there was not a sign, and finally it came time for the boys to leave the boat. Jean would not have admitted that she was disappointed at Don's non-appearance and she chatted gaily with Bob until he stepped off the gangway and said good-bye for the last time. She promised to write to him in answer to his letters and to let him see her the next June before she left for Cali-

fornia, but that was a long way off in his estimation, and he did wish he were going back on the steamer with her, or later on to Harvard for his degree.

Then the great boat started, and from where Jean stood with the others waving good-bye to their two friends, she saw a young man, hatless, and with a huge florist's box under one arm, come tearing down the wharf just too late. "Oh, there's Don Faringdon, probably he forgot what time the boat started. It's a wonder he ever remembered the day. I'm disappointed, for he promised me faithfully that he never would forget again and you see how he's kept his word. Anyway, I hope he'll stop and talk with the boys and be good friends with them, for it will mean a great deal to Bob when he gets to Oxford." And she waved her handkerchief as long as she could see any one on the wharf. But sometime later she received a wireless message which read:

"I didn't forget. Auto broke down.

"DON."

CHAPTER XIV

HOMeward BOUND AND A SURPRISE

THE trip home was little different from the trip over as regards general experiences, but it had one or two individual ones which made it a red-letter trip in the minds of a few of the passengers. The weather was good and made comfortable sailing, except for one day when there was what the captain called "just a summer squall," but which impressed Jean as quite the worst storm she ever hoped to be in, and she declared that all one day and night as she lay in her berth she expected every moment would be her last and she would be tossed into the briny deep to feed the fishes.

Mr. Cabot, as always happened wherever he went, made friends with everybody, but grew particularly fond of the captain, an Englishman of about his own age, with whom, in

the captain's leisure hours, he might be seen walking the upper deck near the bridge, deep in the discussion of weighty matters, if one might judge by the serious expressions on their faces and the earnestness with which they talked. There was not a dull moment for any one as the delightful life on shipboard presented its varied amusements, one after another; still there was an entirely different atmosphere on this boat from that on the *Adriatic*. A quieter, calmer one, as though the passengers had had enough of rush and excitement and only asked that they might be carried as quickly as possible to the other shore in order that they might go to their homes and business and take up again the accustomed life with the new enthusiasm which a change of scenery always gives. The restlessness from thoughts of undiscovered countries had all died away, and in its place the willingness to take life comfortably in one's steamer chair and think things over.

The fifth day out, conversation centered on the entertainment to be given that evening for the benefit of the Sailors' Homes in Liverpool

and Boston and the fund for the widows and children. A few opera singers had offered their services, but otherwise talent seemed scarce, or else people were not willing to exert themselves, so it was finally decided to arrange a mock trial, as there were enough lawyers and college professors to lend dignity to the occasion. The question to be settled was, "Who stole Mr. Cabot's cap?" the gentleman in question having declared he had lost his favorite cap the day before, and unless it had been blown out to sea, one of his fellow-passengers, whom he very much suspected, still had it in his possession. Most of the young people were to serve in the capacity of witnesses and a number of the more dignified ones as jurors and lawyers. The committee in charge had worked up a great deal of enthusiasm and nearly everybody promised to come and give liberally to the cause for which the entertainment was being held.

And so there was no surprise when the great dining-room was filled to overflowing with the good-natured crowd. The whole trial was screamingly funny from beginning

to end, but was a little prolonged on account of the number of witnesses and the slow, deliberate manner of Dr. Whipple, the presiding officer. Just before the decision was announced Jean and Elizabeth slipped out for some fresh air, intending to return again before their absence should be noticed. They hurried up on upper deck and walked rapidly up and down several times until on one of the turns they came face to face with the captain, who had been able to remain only through the first half of the trial.

"Little warm below, is it?" he asked. "I was afraid it would be with so many there. But it did my heart good to see how the people turned out, for we'll net a tidy little sum to turn over to the treasurer. I always take pride in the fact that my collections are among the largest every year. What a wonderful night this is! Have you noticed the moon and what a multitude of stars are visible to-night? In all my experience I've never seen a clearer night. That reminds me, there's a small comet visible to-night, which you girls might like to see."

"Oh," said Jean excitedly, "what is its name, and when can we see it?"

"It hasn't any name yet," replied the captain, "and it's reported to be visible between three and four o'clock."

"Oh!" said Jean with a shade of disappointment in her voice, "then we can't see it unless we stay up all night. But why can't we stay up? It's so late now we won't have to wait long before three o'clock. I'm going to ask Dad if we can, and perhaps he'll stay up with us."

"If he says you may, have your steamer chairs brought up here near the bridge and I'll tell the officers to keep an eye on you and wake you up if you get to sleep at the wrong time. And you might rap at my door, when there's really something to see, in case I don't wake up myself. But I don't believe you can persuade your father to stay up with you, he's too fond of sleep. Well, good luck to you," he called out as the two girls hurried down the deck.

Just as they entered the court-room the judge in stentorian tones was announcing that

Mr. Cabot was guilty of stealing his own cap and hiding it in Professor Snelling's steamer-trunk, and he was to be kept in close confinement for the rest of the trip in the biggest ice-box on board. Then amid much laughter and hearty applause the crowd dispersed and Jean made her way to her father. "Oh, Dad," she said, "the captain says there's going to be a new comet visible between three and four o'clock to-night, and Beth and I want to know if we can stay up for the rest of the night and see it."

"Why, child, you're crazy, of course you can't. Why, where would you stay?" replied her father as he put his arm around her.

"But, Father, the captain said we could put our steamer chairs up on upper deck near the bridge and the officers would look out for us. It's so light to-night there's nothing to be afraid of, and it's twelve o'clock now, so we won't have to wait long. I'd love to do it, Dad, we can wrap up in our rugs and coats and be as comfortable as though we were in our own staterooms. Please say yes for I'll be awfully disappointed if you don't."

"Well, I think before I commit myself one way or the other, it would be better for me to go up and talk with the captain and look things over. You stay here with Miss Hooper and get her opinion and I'll be back in just a few moments."

"All right, but please be good just this one time," said Jean pleasantly, for she felt confident now as to what her father would say on his return.

And sure enough, a little later as he joined "the three" he said, "Why, yes, Jean, after talking things over with the captain I guess you can sit up there all night, if you've set your heart on it. It surely is a wonderful night, and if I were a little younger and more romantic I might want to be up to just such fool tricks myself. But perhaps if there's anything worth seeing by and by you might come down and wake me up. How about Miss Hooper? Have you persuaded her to join you?"

"No," said Jean, "she thinks she won't stay up all night but she'll come up at three, if we think it's worth while. Oh, thank you

so much, Dad, I knew you'd do it after you thought it over. Now let's get the steward to help us with our steamer chairs."

It took but a little while to get the chairs carried up on deck and arranged to Jean's satisfaction, close to the rail, not far from the bridge and the captain's quarters. The girls had put on the heaviest clothes they had, and after seating themselves in the chairs, Miss Hooper tucked their rugs around them and made them as comfortable as possible, then bidding them good-night she and Mr. Cabot went away and left them, sole monarchs of all they surveyed.

It was indeed a wonderful night, with the moon and the stars above them and the calm ocean below. Gradually all sounds ceased, save for the steady tramp of the officers on the bridge, the water as it splashed against the sides of the boat, and the night watches as they rung out on the clear air. At first the girls talked lightly about the mock trial and incidents of the life on shipboard, then they drifted into more serious matters and finally each told the other, in a burst of confidence,

their most secret longings and aspirations. Then, as it was hard to go back to trivial things again they said little and occasionally if eyes closed they were quickly opened by the warning whisper, "Are you awake, Jean?" or "Beth?" as the case might be. And then, although they both declared afterward that they were wide awake at the time, they were surprised to hear a deep voice saying, "Pardon, young ladies, but it's quarter of four and the comet is visible with the aid of the telescope."

They arose quickly and found an officer standing near them, telescope in hand. He showed them how to adjust the lens to their eyes and pointing out the location of the comet left them to call the captain. The girls were taking turns gazing at the tail of the comet, which was dimmed by the brightness of the stars and the moon, when the captain came up to where they were standing. With his naked eye he located the comet, and then asked Jean what she thought of it.

"Well, I must admit that I'm disappointed;

it's so little and not at all like Halley's Comet," she said.

"That's true," said the captain, "but it's much farther away, and this is the first time it has come near enough the earth to be visible. Then besides, it's too bright a night to really see its beauty. But still, I'm glad to see it even under these conditions; comets aren't so common yet that one should sniff at them. But how have you enjoyed the night?"

"Oh," said Jean, "it has been a wonderful experience and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Do you think we ought to call the others?"

"Yes," said the captain, "for with the glass one caught a very good view of it," and straightway Jean and Elizabeth hurried to call Mr. Cabot, Miss Hooper and the dozen or so other people who had asked to be called. About six responded to the call and came up gradually on upper deck to join the "Astronomy class," as Mr. Cabot facetiously called it. Most of them thought the sight worth get-

ting up in the middle of the night to see, and those who didn't, kept their opinions to themselves. However, they all seemed rather willing to return to the nice warm beds they had left, and only Miss Hooper remained with the two girls, for they had announced their intention to finish out the night there and see a sunrise on the ocean, and had persuaded Miss Hooper to enjoy it with them. The captain brought out his comfortable Morris chair and rugs for her and left them to enjoy the rest of the night.

When all was quiet again they caught sight of a speck of light on the distant horizon and decided it was the headlight of an approaching steamer. They became so interested in watching its approach that they left their chairs and stood in the bow of the boat in order to have a better view. Gradually, before they were aware of it, the first pale colors of approaching dawn rose above the horizon and spread a faint purplish tint over the sky and waters. Then it deepened and changed imperceptibly to pink and grew rosier and rosier until at last the great red sun burst into

sight and mounted up into the heavens still dotted with the fading stars. Silent stood "the three," speechless before this miracle of the birth of another day, and immovable until the tread of the deck-hands and the splash of water warned them that the deck was about to receive its morning bath and they were not alone. Going to their chairs, they gathered up their possessions and went slowly below in the direction of their stateroom, Jean declaring it was the most wonderful experience she had ever had in her life, far better than cathedrals or palaces or mountains or lakes and worth crossing the ocean twice to see. Then she admitted that she was going to try to get a little sleep, for she was entered in the shuffle-board tournament that afternoon and she did want to make a creditable showing.

After luncheon that day Jean and her father were walking together and down the deck when suddenly her father said, "Jean, I've just discovered that to-day is Miss Hooper's birthday. I don't believe she's told anybody about it. She didn't tell me but I found it out by accident. Now what do you

say if you and I give her a little surprise-party to-night. We can speak for one of the small dining-rooms and have a little party all by ourselves, just we four I mean. What do you say? You can leave all the particulars to me, for I know you'll be busy all the afternoon in the tournament but I haven't anything else to do."

"Oh, I think it will be splendid, Dad, but can't we have some other people too? Wouldn't you like the captain?"

"No, I think this time we'll just have our own family, as it were, if you don't mind. Seems to me it would be better as long as it's a surprise for Miss Hooper."

"All right," said Jean, "just as you say, you know it's your party." But all the afternoon she kept wondering to herself why her father who generally liked all the people he could possibly collect around him, should, on this particular occasion, be so satisfied with a few. But she said nothing and played with a recklessness that alarmed her partner who banked on her usual steady playing to win the game.

When the four took their places at the daintily set table in a small room off the main dining-room they were delighted with the preparations which Mr. Cabot had made, for every detail was as carefully arranged as though Miss Hooper had attended to it herself. Course after course followed each other and laughter and good wishes made glad the heart of Miss Hooper. She had never seemed so happy and radiant, and the two girls watched her with wonder. Finally it came time for the toasts, and Mr. Cabot arose and with glass in hand asked permission to give the first toast. He looked from one to another of the little group and then with firm voice said, "My toast to Miss Hooper. To you — Elizabeth's best friend,— Jean's new mother,—and my promised wife," and then pushing his chair back he walked over to where Miss Hooper sat and kissing her, slipped a flashing diamond upon the third finger of her left hand. Then he led her to Jean, who had also risen and stood staring fixedly at the two.

"Aren't you going to say anything, Jean?" asked her father as he stood before her.

“Why — yes,” she stammered, “as soon as I can get my breath. But, Dad, why didn’t you tell me before, so I could have been prepared? Oh, I’m very glad to have Miss Hooper for my mother, but I’m awfully sorry, too, for now I can’t take her math. course and I did want to show her what I can do when I try,” and she burst out crying at the surprise and joy of it all. Miss Hooper comforted her and finished by saying, “And you can take the math. course, dear, for I have told your father that I must return to Ashton this year, or at least the first semester, and there is nothing I shall anticipate more than your excellent work in my class.” After Jean had recovered, and dried her tears she looked at her father knowingly and said, “Now, Dad, I know why you had to go to London on important business. I suppose there wasn’t a diamond good enough for you in all Liverpool.” And her father laughed and admitted she was right.

The news of the engagement spread like wildfire over the boat next day and everybody came to extend their congratulations with that knowing air of, “I told you so,” for Mr.

Cabot had been too devoted to his daughter's chaperone to escape the notice of even the most unobserving. When the captain came up to them he said, "I knew it the first minute I set eyes on you, Mr. Cabot, for I said something's the matter with that man, and if I'm any judge he's in love; and it didn't take me long to discover the cause of it all. Allow me to offer my congratulations." And so it went all day until it seemed as though all the nice things in the world had been said to them both. But toward the end of the afternoon one old lady said, "I guess they've had enough people talking to them to-day. I rather think they'd like to be left alone. Such folks generally do," and her remarks seemed to win the approbation of the two principals, as least, and they were left to themselves for a little while.

The only other excitement of the day was the heavy fog that settled over everything as they approached the Banks of Newfoundland. Now and then it would lift a little, and once to the astonishment and almost horror of those close to the rail they heard some piercing

cries and looking down in the water they discovered a small dory with two men from one of the large fishing vessels, tossing on the waves so close to the great liner that it seemed only a miracle that it had not struck upon it and buried it forever. The captain told them that it was always foggy on the Banks and probably hundreds of these small boats were destroyed by the large vessels which cut them down in the fog.

After they passed the Banks it seemed as though the journey were nearly ended, and preparations began to be made for the landing. The captain assured them they would arrive in New York not later than Wednesday morning, and perhaps some time the night before. Jean and Elizabeth went to bed early Tuesday night and left Miss Hooper and Mr. Cabot to enjoy their last night on deck for they would not have much more time together, as Mr. Cabot felt obliged to start Thursday for California, having received important letters which necessitated his return. Miss Hooper came in so quietly that neither of the girls awoke and knew anything about the lateness

of the hour. Sometime afterward all three of them sat up in bed with a start and Jean exclaimed, with a tone of real alarm in her voice, "What's happened? The machinery's stopped. Shall I get out the life preservers?"

They jumped out of their beds and Miss Hooper peeped out of the window. "Oh, it's nothing after all, but that we're in New York harbor, and we'll have to wait here until morning to be towed in to the dock. It does give one an awful shock though, to stop suddenly like that."

"Yes," said Elizabeth, "and do you remember, Jean, when we were going over, the captain told you what a scare it would give you if the machinery of the boat ever stopped? You laughed at him then but I guess you believe it now."

"I do indeed," said Jean, "and I'm mighty glad it's in New York harbor this time instead of in mid ocean. Well, it can't be much after midnight; I'm ready for some more sleep. Probably we'll make an early landing, won't we, Miss Hooper?"

"I hope so, dear, but one seldom does,

there is so much red tape about it. Shall you be glad to be on land again?"

"Yes, indeed, and I'm so anxious to see Tom and get back to college it just seems as though I couldn't wait. What train shall we take?"

"I think if everything goes all right we can take the noon express to Boston and get out to Ashton sometime in the evening. I am sorry we shall be a day late, but I don't see how it can be helped. Do you realize that you two girls are sophomores now and have all the responsibilities of upper-class girls? But there, we mustn't talk any more now for we'll keep our next-door neighbors awake and they'll scold us in the morning. Get into bed as quickly as you can. I hope you haven't caught cold, Elizabeth, without your kimona." And without another word "the three" were soon asleep, two of them probably dreaming of college days and college girls again.

As they walked down the gangplank in the morning, Tom came rushing up to them and seizing Miss Hooper's hands exclaimed, "Congratulations, Miss — er — Mrs. Cabot-to-be.

You'll have the best husband in the world and the worst family of boys you ever heard of."

"Why — er — Tom," said his father, "how in the world did you know about it? I intended this as a surprise for you." Then seeing a knowing look that passed between Jean and Tom he burst out laughing, "Oh, this is one of Jean's pranks I'm sure. I never thought of wireless until this very minute. Well, Jean's saved me a lot of trouble, for of course you've told everybody, Tom."

"You bet I have, Governor, and I was mighty proud to do it too, for the first time I set my eyes on Miss Hooper I knew she was a woman right after my own heart. But, people, before I forget to tell you, Aunt Sarah intended to come down with me to meet you but at the last moment she was detained at home. However, she expects you all for luncheon and to stay with her as long as you can. Excuse me for being personal, but what are your plans, anyway?"

Then Mr. Cabot explained that college had opened that very day and Miss Hooper felt obliged to return by the very first train so he

had decided to go over with them on the noon express. He should take the midnight back and start for California the next noon. Tom was disappointed that they could not all remain longer in the city, but as it was impossible there was nothing to do but get over his disappointment. He went with them to Aunt Sarah's for a brief call and then to Grand Central Station, where they just barely caught their train. Then he returned to the office and tried to settle down again to hard work.

On the train Jean and Elizabeth were sitting together and saying every few minutes, "Why doesn't the train go faster?" "Shall we ever reach Boston?" "What do you suppose the freshmen will be like?" "Can you realize that we're actually sophomores?" and finally Jean whispered to Elizabeth, "And do you realize that the first thing that's going to happen to you after you get comfortably settled is your initiation into glorious old Gamma Chi?" And Elizabeth whispered back, "Yes, how I dread it! Will it be very bad?" Then before they realized it the train pulled into the familiar old South Station and

their summer vacation was a thing of the past.

Another volume entitled "Jean Cabot in Cap and Gown" describing Jean's experiences senior year will appear in the near future.

THE END

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